



YOUTHFUL

VOICES:

A

NEW MUSIC BOOK

FOR

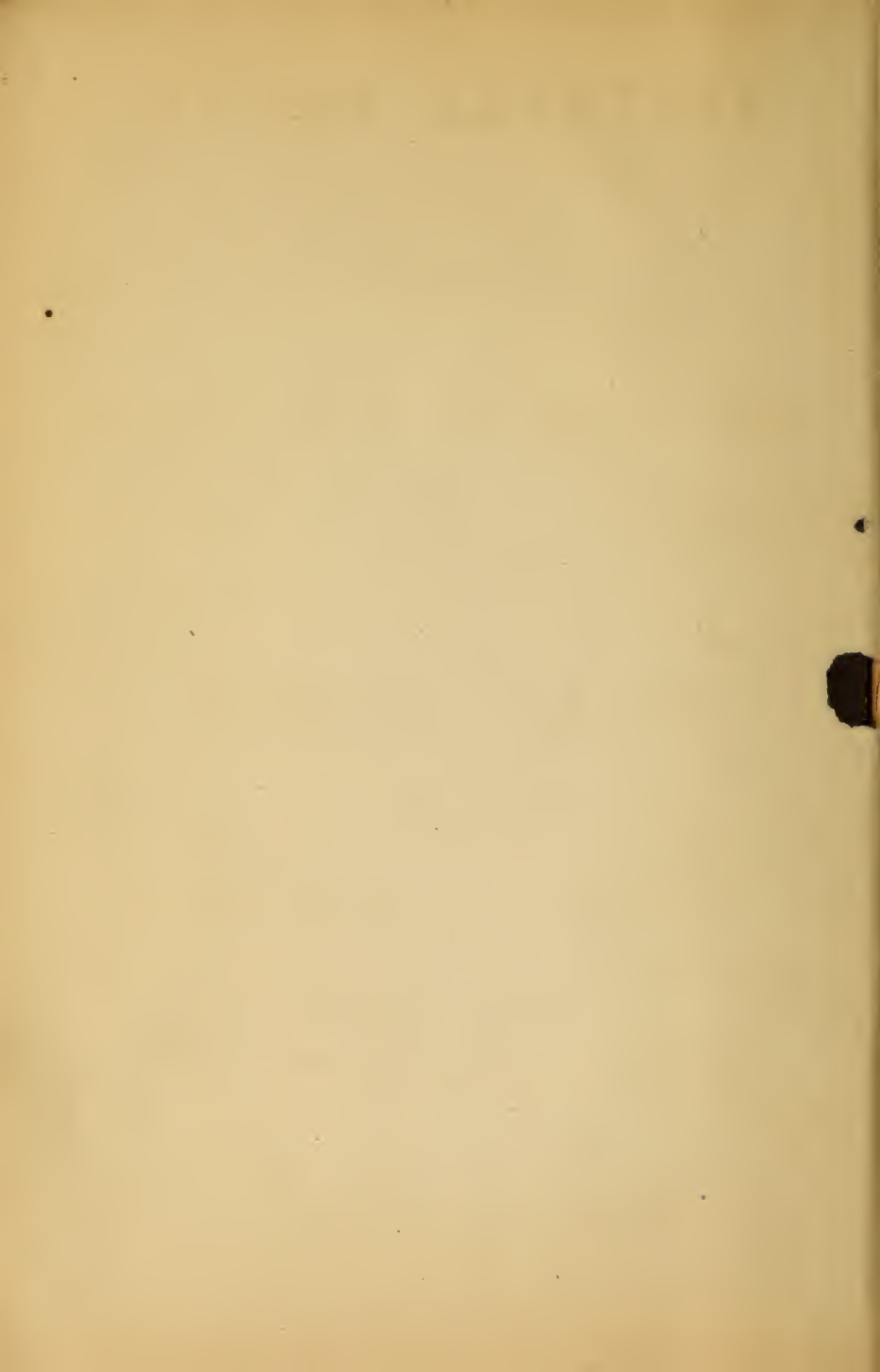
SUNDAY SCHOOLS.



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32,325
YOUTHFUL VOICES:

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES,

FOR THE USE OF

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

COMPILED BY A COMMITTEE OF THE

BOSTON SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS INSTITUTE.

THE MUSIC EDITED BY

BENJAMIN J. LANG.

BOSTON:

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PREFACE.

NEARLY two years since, a Committee appointed by the Sunday School Teachers' Institute to visit and report the condition of the Schools of which they had supervision, called the attention of that body to the need felt by nearly all of them, for a new and better collection of devotional poetry and music. They remarked upon a general complaint, that the best of those in use were in many ways defective, much of the music having little in unison with, and ill fitted to express the devotional feelings of the children, and the hymns often containing doctrines and expressions altogether at variance with the tenets commonly held at the present day by the great body of Christians. In consequence of this recommendation, a delegation of three teachers from each of the Schools was immediately convened, and the Committee by which this Collection was prepared, was constituted at that convention, to carry out the unanimous desire which was then expressed for a different body of Hymns and Tunes. The compilation now offered, contains little that is new, but has not been prepared without much pains-taking labor. The Depositories of Sunday School books and papers have been carefully searched, as well as every attainable collection of Sacred Music. A large body of secular music has also been explored and brought into service, when it could be used without introducing disturbing associations; and it is believed that all of the hymns and tunes finally chosen, possess some fitness for the purpose for which they were taken.

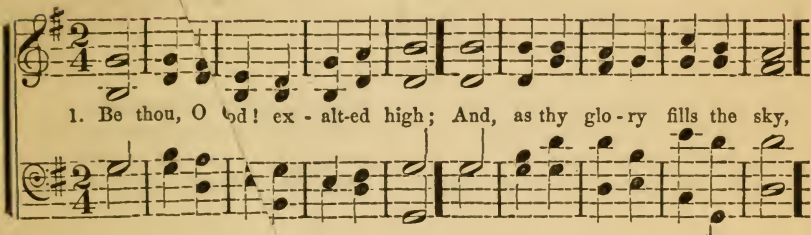
The committee in offering this fruit of many months' labor, are not unconscious of its many shortcomings. It is far enough from their conception of what such a work should be. But they have a well grounded hope that it will not be found useless, and should it measurably supply the need so often and so loudly expressed, and conduce in any degree to enliven the services of the Sunday School to which it is adapted, they will feel themselves amply rewarded. Should the work make any approach to the end they have constantly held in view—to find a fitter expression for the simple religious emotions of childhood—and thereby lead them to a more intelligent and heartfelt worship, surely they will have been blest in their labors.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1862.

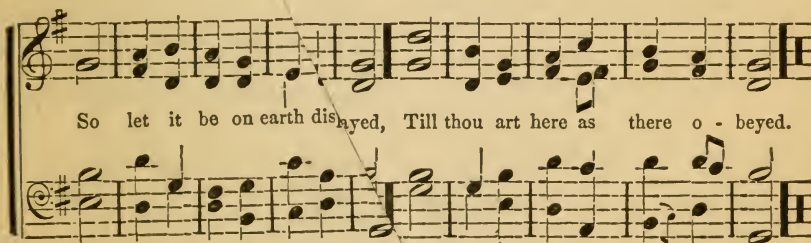
YOUTHFUL VOICES.

1.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



1. Be thou, O God! ex - alt-ed high; And, as thy glo - ry fills the sky,



So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here as there o - beyed.

2

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

3

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here as there obeyed.

Closing Hymn.

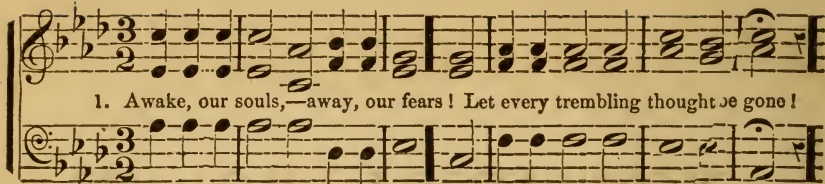
2.

1
From all that dwell below the skies,
The Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

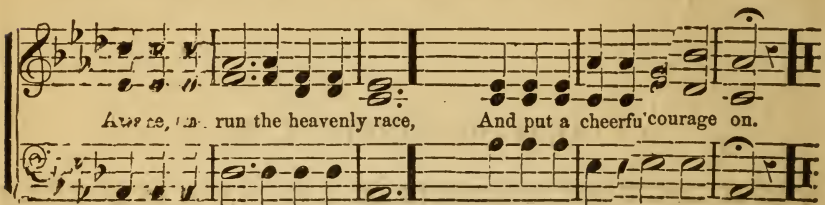
2

Eternal to thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal thy attends thy word:
Thy praise all sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3.



1. Awake, our souls,—away, our fears! Let every trembling thought be gone!



Awake, and run the heavenly race,

And put a cheerful courage on.

2

True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.

2

That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us fresh, and make us free;
And thou its fading blessing move
Round each with all, and all with thee.

3

The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

5.

1

We come! we come! with loud acclaim
To sing the praise of Jesus' name;
And make the vaulted temple ring
With loud hosannas to our King.

4

From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

2

With joyful heart and smiling face,
We gather round the throne of grace,
And lowly bend to offer there,
From youthful lips our humble prayer.

5

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

3

We come! we come! the song to swell,
To him who loved the world so well;
With joy we haste the aisles to fill,
Yet youthful bands are gathering still.

4.

1

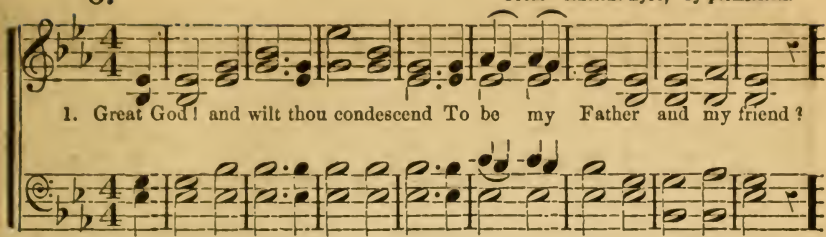
O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above;
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

4

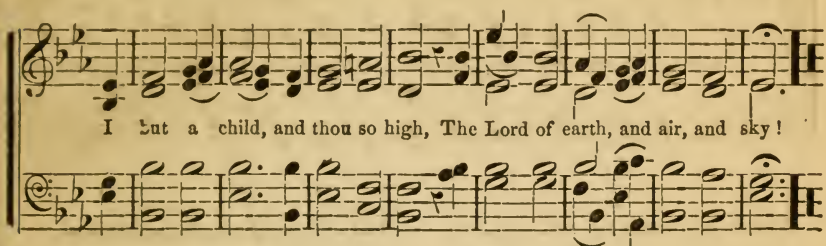
Oh! thus may we, in heaven above,
Unite in praises and in love;
And still the angels fill their home
With joyful cry, "They come! they come!"

6.

From "Ancient Lyre," by permission.



1. Great God! and wilt thou condescend To be my Father and my friend?



I but a child, and thou so high, The Lord of earth, and air, and sky!

2
Art thou my Father?—Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try, in every deed and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

3
Art thou my Father?—I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

4
Art thou my Father?—Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me, in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

7.
1
Great God! let all our tuneful powers
Awake and sing the mighty name;
Thy hand rolls on our circling hours;
The hand from which our being came.

2
Seasons and moons, revolving round,
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.

3
Each changing season on our souls
Its sweetest, kindest influence sheds;
And every period, as it rolls,
Showers countless blessings on our heads.

4
Our lives, our health, our friends, we owe,
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

8.
1
Come let us all, with heart and voice,
To God our Father sing and pray,
In his unceasing love rejoice,
And thank him for this pleasant day.

2
The clear blue sky looks full of love:
Let all our selfish passions cease;
O, let us lift our thoughts above,
Where all is brightness, goodness, pea

3
If we have done another wrong,
O, let us seek to be forgiven!
Nor let one discord spoil the song
Our hearts would raise this day to heaven.

4
This blessed day, when the pure air
Is full of sweetness, full of joy,
When all around is calm and fair,
Shall we the harmony destroy?

5
O, may it be our earnest care
To free our souls from every sin!
Then will each day be bright and fair,
For God's pure sunshine dwells within.

9.

1. O Lord, behold be-fore thy throne A band of children lowly bend ; Thy
face we seek, thy name we own, And pray that thou wilt be our friend.

2

Thou didst on earth the young receive,
And gently fold them to thy breast,
And say that such in heaven should live,
For ever safe, for ever blest.

3

Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
That it may teach us how to pray ;
Make us sincere, and let each heart
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.

4

Oh, let thy grace our souls renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there ;
Teach us thy will to know and do,
And let us all thine image bear.

10.

1

Let children to their God draw near,
With rev'rence and with holy fear ;
Let every knee before him bend,
Our Maker, Saviour, Guide, and Friend.

2

Lord, may thy mercies great and free
Fill us with gratitude to thee ;

And still, as through the world we go,
More of these mercies may we know.

3

Far from our hearts, O Lord, remove
The evil thoughts that sinners love ;
And give us wisdom, day by day,
To choose the strait and narrow way.

11.

1

I now am but a little child ;
My hands are weak, my strength is small,
Yet I can seek, and I can love,
The Lord Almighty, God of all.

2

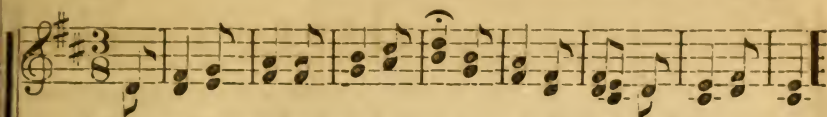
He gave my life to me at first ;
He loves the little child he made ;
He keeps me safe through all the day,
And guards me when in sleep I'm laid.

3

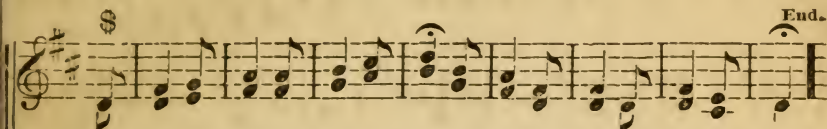
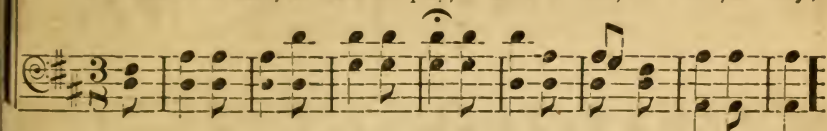
If I obey and love his law,
He'll teach me all I need to know.
And take me in his arms on high
When I have lived my life below.

12.

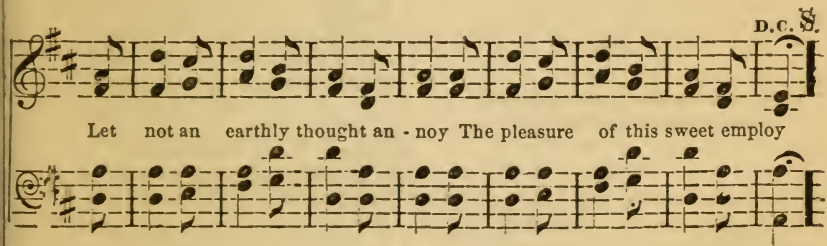
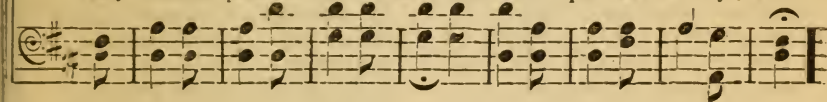
"Golden Chain," by permission of the Author, WM. B. BRADBURY.



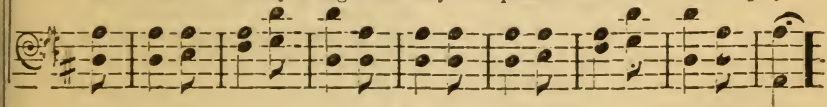
1. We leave our tasks, we leave our play, To think of thee, O God, to-day;



O teach our hearts and tongues to raise The prayer of faith, the song of praise.
May selfish passions all be still, While we in-quire to know thy will.



Let not an earthly thought an- noy The pleasure of this sweet employ



13.

1

Assembled in our school once more,
D Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray,
Be with us, then, through this thy day.
D Lord, our God, be pleased to bless,
And crown our studies with success,
In our young hearts thy truth instil,
That we may know and do thy will.

2

Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends,
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

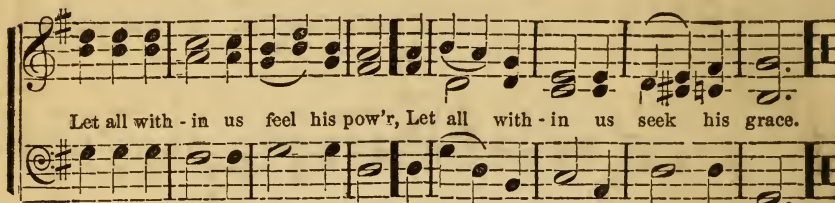
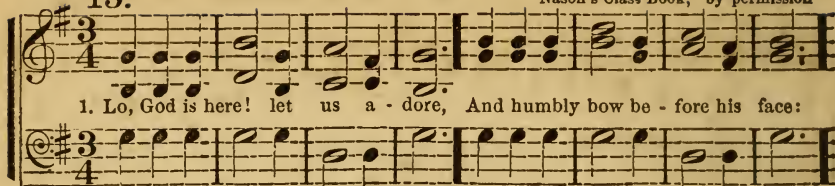
When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar:
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

14.

Retiring from our school once more,
Thy blessing, Father, we implore;
Still may we keep the heavenly way,
And serve and please thee thro' the day
As in thy temple we appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear:
Thy truth impart, thy love instil,
That we may know and do thy will:

15.

"Nason's Class Book," by permission



- 2 Lo, God is here! him day and night.
 United choirs of angels sing:
 To him, enthroned above all height,
 Heav'n's host their noblest homage bring.
- 3 Being of beings! may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
 Still may we stand before thy face
 Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

16.

- 1 Come to God's altar! Oh, draw near!
 In trusting love, in humble fear:
 He calls thee now his face to meet,
 Then haste and bow thee at his feet.
- 2 Come to God's altar! Oh, draw near!
 And gladly come! for God is here;
 Come at the call of that kind voice,
 That bids thee in his love rejoice.
- 3 Come to God's altar! Oh! draw near!
 With grateful praises gather here,
 Your Father calls,—your Maker, Friend,
 Oh, come! and in his presence bend.

17.

- 1 Almighty God, by thy great power,
 I hail again the morning hour;
 How fair the green fields meet my eyes!
 How sweet the birds sing in the skies!
- 2 How fresh appear the hills and trees!
 And O! how pure the morning breeze:

- I bless thy love in all I see,
 For were not these things made for me?
- 3 Not me alone—for thou hast given
 Thy good to all beneath the heaven;
 And I rejoice that others share
 The gift, the blessing, and the prayer.
- 4 And though a child and weak I be,
 I yet may bend myself to thee,
 And join my feeble voice to raise
 A simple hymn of grateful praise.

18.

- 1 O timely happy, timely wise,
 Hearts that with rising morn arise!
 Eyes that the beam celestial view,
 Which evermore makes all things new.
- 2 New every morning is the love
 Our wakening and uprising prove;
 Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 3 New mercies each returning day,
 Hover around us while we pray;
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heav'n.
- 4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
 As more of heaven in each we see;
 Some softening gleams of love and prayer,
 Shall dawn on every cross and care.

KEBLE.

ETERNAL FATHER. L. M.

"Grammar School Vocalist,"
By permission.

11

19.

1. E - ter - nal Father, God of grace ! Who dwellest in this ho - ly place,

Hear us, O hear us, while we pray, And send us not un - blest a-way !

2

Look on us now, and bless us here ;
We fain would worship in thy fear :
O be thy shadow round us spread,
O be thy Spirit on us shed.

3

Not many years our feet have run,
Yet hast thou watch'd them every one :
May all our future years be bright
With beams of heavenly love and light.

4

In life, and when we come to die,
Be thou our guardian ever nigh ;
And may the pang that sets us free,
Waft every spirit home to thee !

20.

1

Our youthful souls in rapture raise
To Heaven the joyous song of praise ;
While thro' the opening door of spring,
Our true heart-offerings here we bring ;

2

We listen to calm nature's voice,
She bids us in God's love rejoice ;

And tells us with ten thousand tongues,
To Him alone, all Praise belongs.

3

Her lesson shall all hearts inspire—
Each spirit light with living fire,
In ways of peace and joy to move,
And be the children of God's love.

21.

1

We bless thee for this sacred day,
Thou who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

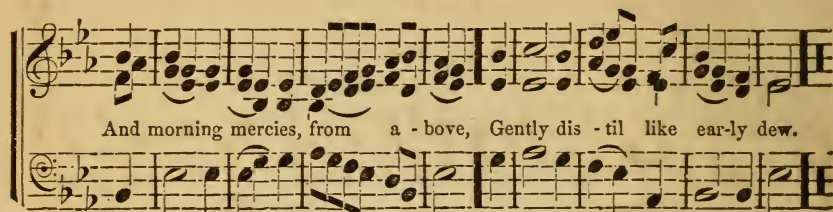
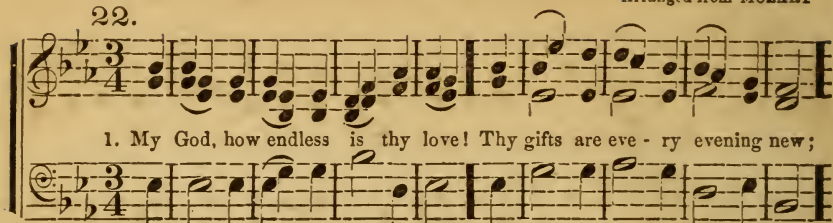
2

Lord, may thy truth upon the heart
Now fall, and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start,
Where once the weeds of error grew.

3

We would our prayers with fervor bring,
And lay them at thy sacred throne,
And render praise, O heavenly King,
To thee, who praise canst claim alone.

22.



- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

23.

- 1 We bless thee for this sacred day,
Thou who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.
- 2 Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest,
We would improve the calm repose;
And, in God's service truly blest,
Forget the world, its joys and woes.
- 3 Lord! may thy truth, upon the heart,
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew.
- 4 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his sheltering throne.

MRS. GILMAN.

24.

- 1 The way-side flower receives the air
Into its little, lonely breast;
Then breathes a grateful perfume there:
And flower and air alike are blest.
- 2 The sunlight falls upon the stream,
Gliding through rough, uneven ways;
It leaps up with a joyous gleam;
And both are brighter, stream and rays.
- 3 'Tis not alone the good we do,
That makes the gladness of the heart:
What we receive is blessed too;
All take, and all in turn impart.
- 4 We all are children of one home;
Our Father guards with equal care;
From Him our varied blessings come,—
Varied that we the gifts may share.
- 5 So sickness ministers to health,
By patient meekness, daily taught;
So poverty enriches wealth
By warming heart, expanding thought.
- 8 And health and wealth pay back the good,
By care and comfort freely given;
We all are children of one blood,
One Christ, one Father dear in heaven.

25.

"Golden Harp," by permission.

Fine.

1. With joy, kind Parent! we have come, A band of children young and fair, }
Before thy gracious throne to bow,— For thou hast made us welcome there. }
Then take, O Lord! our tender hearts, And ever keep them as thine own.

No off- 'ring can we bring to thee, Save of the fruits thy hand hath sown :

2

If through the varied scenes of life
It still should be our lot to stray,
Teach us to find the narrow path,
And humbly walk in wisdom's way.

So shall that peace attend our lives
Earth cannot give, or take away,
Crowning the joys of early youth,
And gilding life's declining day.

From "Original Hymns for Sabbath Schools."

27. *The Voice of God.*

1.

The voice of God, in accents clear,
Is heard above, below, around;
To all his children far and near,
The universe repeats the sound.

Through the thick grove of lofty trees,
Where cheerful sunbeams never shine,
It whispers in the gentle breeze,
Yes, list! and hear the voice divine.

26.

1

In these bright hours of blooming youth,
Father, we feel and own thy truth;
Thy mercies with increasing age
Shall still our grateful hearts engage!

No human power shall e'er controul
This settled purpose of the soul,
Or urge our steadfast minds to stray
From wisdom's straight and narrow way.

2

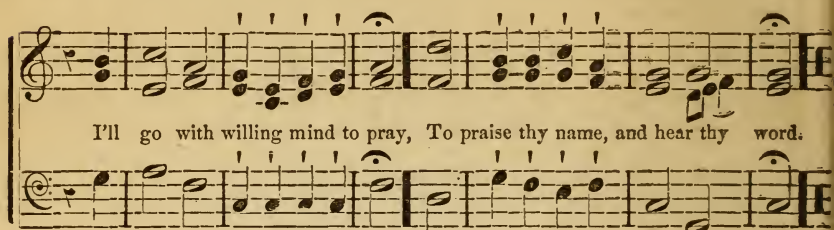
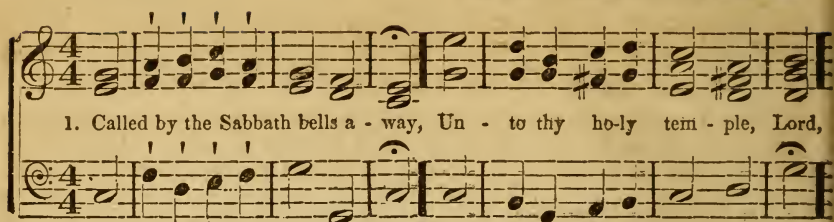
2

And every flower, and every plant,
The heavens, the earth, and ocean's waves,
In one sweet strain his glories chant,
With songs of triumph hymn his praise.

But sweeter far his voice is heard,
Telling of heaven, and peace, and love,
To those who keep his holy word,
To those who hope for joys above.

28.

From the "American Harp," by permission.



2

O sacred day of peace and joy,
Thy hours are ever dear to me;
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy
The holy calm I find in thee.

3

Oh! may we never thoughtless go,
Nor lose the days our God has given;
But learn, by Sabbaths spent below,
To spend eternity in heaven.

3

Dear are the peaceful hours to me,
For God has given them in his love,
To tell how calm, how blest, shall be
The endless day of heaven above.

30.

From Original Hymns for Sabbath Schools.

1

See from the east the sun arise,
His joyous beams now fill the skies,
With cheerful rays of glory bright,
He scatters all the clouds of night.

2

Oh Father, may we, like the sun,
Begin our heavenward course to run;
Send to our minds fair wisdom's ray,
To chase the shades of doubt away.

3

And, when obedient to thy laws,
He from the world his light withdraws,
So may we, when life's task is done,
Sleep sweetly as the setting sun.

29.

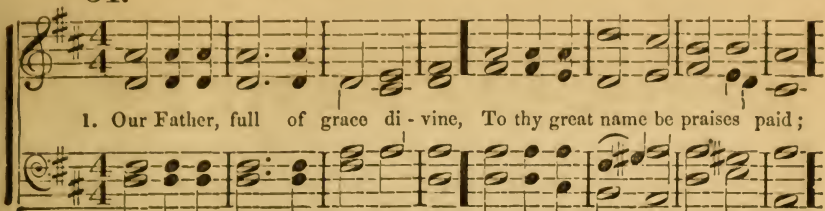
1

When to the house of God we go,
To hear his word and sing his love,
To offer praises here below,
With all the saints in heaven above;

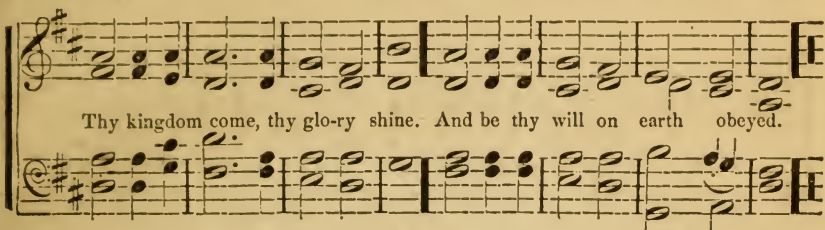
2

Our God is present with us there,
And watches all our thoughts and ways:
Oh! let us humbly join in prayer,
Let us sincerely sing his praise.

31.



1. Our Father, full of grace di-vine, To thy great name be praises paid;



Thy kingdom come, thy glo-ry shine. And be thy will on earth obeyed.

2

Give us our bread from day to day,
And all our wants do thou supply;
With gospel truths feed us, we pray,
That we may never faint or die.

3

Extend thy grace, our hearts renew,
Our each offence in love forgive;
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
And let us free from evil live.

4

For thine's the kingdom, and the power,
And all the glory waits thy name:
Let every land thy grace adore,
And sound a long and loud Amen.

32.

1

Father! adored in worlds above,
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come with power and love,
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

2

Lord! make our daily wants thy care;
Forgive the sins which we forsake;
And, as we in thy kindness share,
Let fellow-men of ours partake.

3

Evils beset us every hour;
Thy kind protection we implore;
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
Be thine the glory evermore!

From "Original Hymns for Sabbath Schools."

33.

1

Father of mercies! God of love,
Our Maker and our sovereign King,
Bend from thy heavenly throne above,
And bless thy children while we sing.

2

Inspire our feeble tongues with skill,
The wonders of thy works to praise,
And give our infant minds the will
To walk in wisdom's peaceful ways

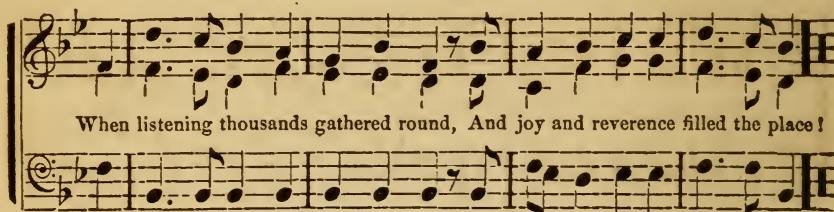
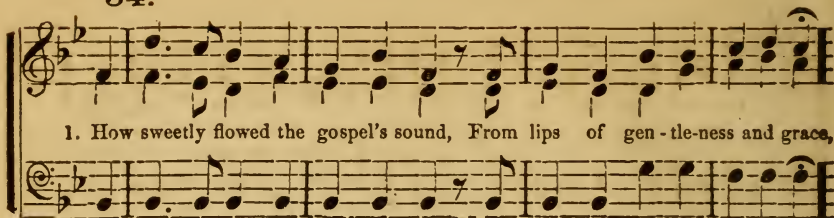
3

And may we never, Lord, in youth,
Thy heavenly precepts disobey;
Or leave the pleasant path of truth,
In sin's deceitful ways to stray.

4

So shalt thou grant thy children strength,
The varied ills of life to bear;
Receive our souls in heaven at length
To live with thee forever there

34.



2

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3

Thus early called to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod;
Prophetic visions fired his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were blest.

3

"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4

Speak, Lord, and from our earliest days,
Incline our hearts to love thy ways;
Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear,
Speak, Lord, to us; thy servants hear.

35.

1

In Israel's fane, by silent night,
The lamp of God was burning bright;
And there, by viewless angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

2

A voice unknown the stillness broke;
"Samuel!" it called, and thrice it spoke;
He rose; he asked whence came the word.
From Eli? No—it was the Lord.

36.

1

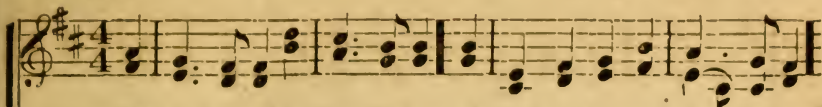
While yet the youthful spirit bears
The image of its God within,
And uneffaced that beauty wears,
Which may too soon be stained by sin,—

2

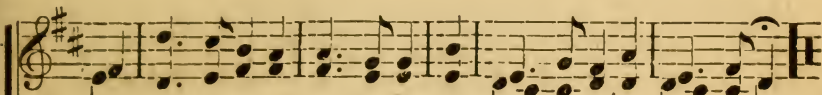
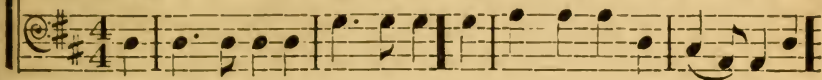
Then is the time for faith and love
To take in charge their precious care,
Teach the young heart to look above,
Teach the young lips to speak in prayer

37.

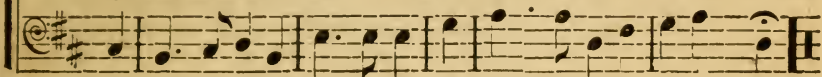
Arranged from Mendelssohn.



1. Great God, behold be-fore thy throne, A band of suppliants low-ly bend;



Thy face we seek, thy name we own, And pray that thou wouldst be our friend.



2 Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
That it may teach us how to pray;
Make us sincere, and let each heart
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.

3 O let thy grace our hearts renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there!
Teach us thy will to know and do,
And let us all thine image bear.

38.

1 The Saviour comes! let earth proclaim,
With songs and choral hymns, the day—
The Saviour comes! lo! at his name,
The clouds of darkness fade away.

2 Let every heart and every tongue,
With holy joy and grateful praise,
Unite in chanting forth the song,
And high to heaven the accents raise.

3 The Saviour comes! the star shines bright—
A welcome sign of heavenly love—
A guiding ray—a beacon light,
Which leads the soul to worlds above.

4 Supported by his Father's hand,
His Father's voice—his Father's word,
He comes, to spread o'er every land,
The blessing and the love of God.

5 For these rich gifts, so freely given,
We humbly bow before thy throne,
And lift our youthful hearts to heaven,
With praise to Thee, Eternal One.

6 At early morn, at daylight's close,
Till from life's varied scenes we rest,
O may our hearts on thee repose,
And with a Saviour's love be blest.

39.

1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

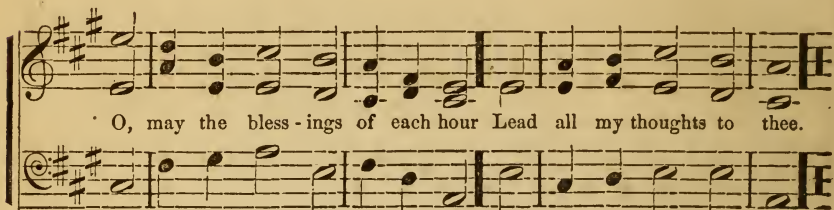
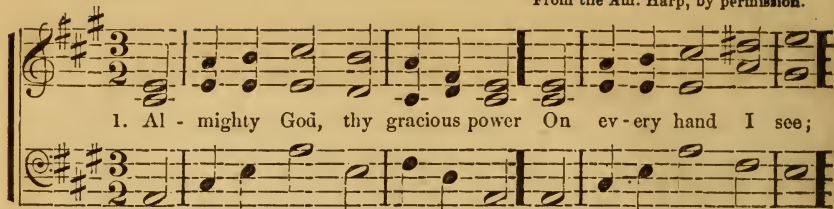
3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,—
"The hand that made us is divine."

ADDISON.



- 2 If, on the wings of morn, I speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there my footsteps lead,
Thy love my path surround.
- 3 Thy power is on the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God I see;
And all the blessings I receive
Ceaseless proceed from thee.
- 5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee my hopes depend;
Through every age, in every clime,
My Father and my Friend!

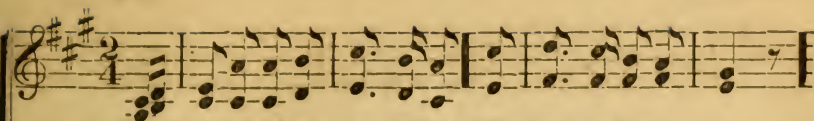
41.

- 1 O thou, enthroned in worlds above,
Our Father and our Friend!
Lo, at the footstool of thy love,
Thy children humbly bend.
- 2 All reverence to thy name be given;
Thy kingdom wide displayed;
And, as thy will is done in heaven,
Be it on earth obeyed.
- 3 Our table may thy bounty spread,
From thine exhaustless store,
From day to day with daily bread,—
Nor would we ask for more.

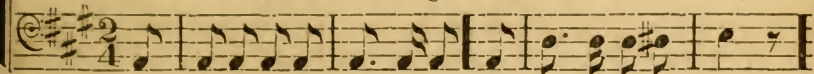
- 4 That pardon we to others give,
Do thou to us extend;
From all temptation, Lord, relieve,
From every ill defend.
- 5 And now to thee belong, Most High,
The kingdom, glory, power,
Thro' the broad earth and spacious sky,
Both now and evermore.

42.

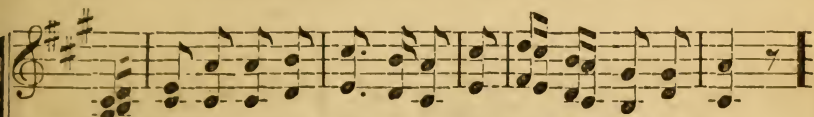
- 1 Behold, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
- 3 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labored for their good.
- 4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"
- 5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O, may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share! **ENFIELD.**



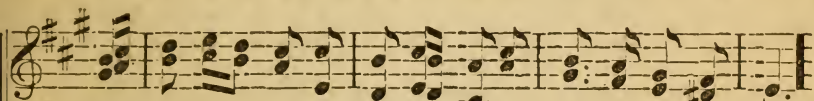
1. There is a land where we shall greet The friends we loved be - low,



There kindred minds to - geth - er meet, Each oth - er's joys to know.



There is a land where sunshine reigns ; No clouds of trou - ble throw



Their darkening shade o'er those bright plains, There liv - ing wa - ters flow.



2 No wasting sickness there shall shed
Its blight, where all is fair ;
Nor gloomy war its horrors spread,
For all are happy there.
Since with the eye of faith we view
Those scenes above the sky ;
May we prepare to dwell there too,
Where we shall never die.

Original Hymns for Sabbath Schools.

He made the shining worlds above,
And every thing on earth.
He gives us all our parents dear,
Our teachers kind and true ;
He bids us all their precepts hear,
And all they teach us do.

2 God sees and hears us all the day,
And in the darkest night ;
He views us when we disobey,
And when we act aright.
God hears what we are saying now,
O, what a wondrous thought !
Our Heavenly Father ! teach us how
To love thee as we ought.

44.

It was our Heavenly Father's love
Brought every being forth ;

45.

1. A - wake, my soul! stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on;

A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown.

And an im - mortal crown.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun, which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn;
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn. BARBAULD.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye;—
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

DODDRIDGE.

46.

- 1 Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

47. *Early Piety.*

- 1 My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below
Doth send him round the skies.
- 2 When from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.
- 3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,—
Nor let my soul complain,
That all the morning of my days
Has been consumed in vain.

48. *Early Piety.*

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. By cool Si-loam's sha-dy rill How sweet the li-ly grows.

How sweet the breath be-neath the hill, Of Sharon's dew-y rose!

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet,
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose heart, inspir'd with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou! who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

HEBER.

2 How powerful was that prayer to bring
All blessings from above!
How sure to lead them to the spring
Of everlasting love!

3 How mighty to preserve from sin
And every dangerous snare!—
Well might we wish that we had been
Among the children there.

4 But, thanks unto the children's Friend,
He is the same to-day,
As when he thus refused to send
Those babes unblest away.

50.

1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms!
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Suffer the little ones," he says,
"Forbid them not to come;
Of such is heaven; and souls like these
Shall find in heaven their home."

3 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

49.

1 How happy those dear children were
Whom Jesus took and blessed;
Whom, when he breathed the fervent prayer,
He folded to his breast!

51.

1. How sweet to be allowed to pray To God, the Ho-ly One, With
fil-ial love and trust to say, O God! thy will be done.

- 2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill,
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.
- 3 O let that will, which gave me breath
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.
- 4 O teach my heart the blessed way
To imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

FOLLEN.

52.

Children dedicating themselves to the Lord.

- 1 O Lord, we're taught thy name to fear,
We're taught thy name to love:
What shall we do? How live while here,
To gain a crown above?
- 2 We would give up our youthful days,
Our souls, our all, to thee;
Our feeble pow'rs, our words and ways,
And thine alone would be.
- 3 Our thoughts, affections, all we are,
In this desire unite,
To be the children of thy care,
And walk with thee in light.

- 4 Accept the humble sacrifice
We offer at thy throne,
And when to worlds above we rise,
Accept us as thine own.

53.

- 1 Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven.
- 2 O, half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here.
- 3 Unto our Father's will alone
One thought hath reconciled;
That he whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.
- 4 Fold her, O Father in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.
- 5 Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

WHITTIER.

54.

From S. S. Lute.

1. Again from calm and sweet repose, I rise to hail the dawn; Again my waking
2. Glo-ry to thee, Eternal Lord! Oh! teach my heart to pray! And thy blest Spirit's

eyes uncloze, To view the smiling morn. Great God of love! thy praise I'll sing; For
help afford, To guide me thro' the day. Let every thought and word accord With

thou hast safely kept My soul beneath thy guardian wing, And watched me while I slept.
thy most holy will; Each deed the precepts of thy word With pious aim fulfil.

55.

1

Almighty Father! at whose word
This breathing world arose,
By whom the simplest prayer is heard,
That lisping childhood knows.
The shades of night have passed away,
And thou hast guarded me;
Incline me through another day
To give my soul to thee.

2

O may thy goodness be my song,
Thy service my delight;
Lead me away from what is wrong,
And teach me what is right.
For Jesus' sake, thy love bestow,—
Be all my sins forgiven;
In wisdom may I daily grow,
And thus prepare for heaven.

56.

1

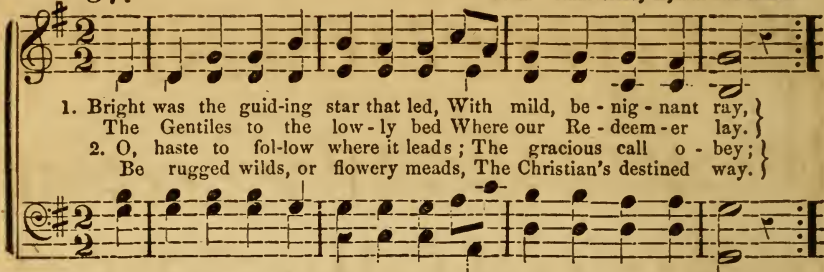
How beautiful the setting sun!
The clouds how bright and gay!
The stars appearing one by one,
How beautiful are they!
And when the moon climbs up the sky,
And sheds her gentle light,
And hangs her crystal lamp on high,
How beautiful is night!

2

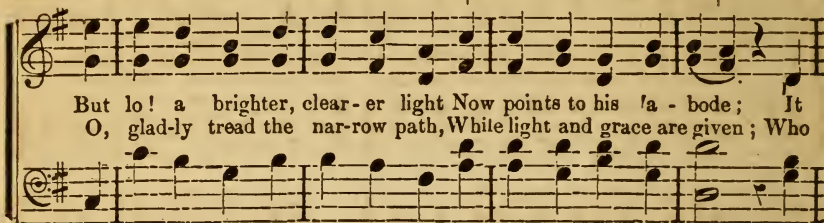
And can it be I am possessed
Of something brighter far?
Glow's there within this little breast
That which outshines each star?
Yes: should the sun and stars turn pale,
The mountains melt away,
This flame within shall never fail,
But live in endless day.

57.

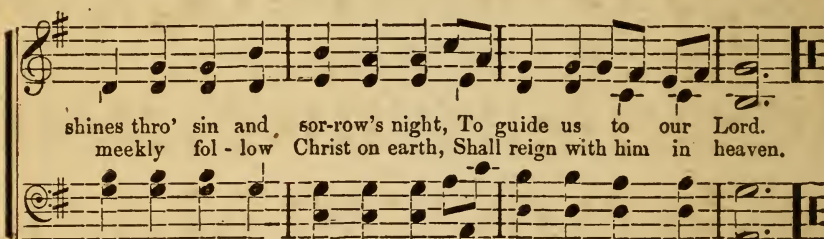
From "Anniversary Hymns and Music."



1. Bright was the guid-ing star that led, With mild, be - nig - nant ray, }
The Gentiles to the low - ly bed Where our Re - deem - er lay. }
2. O, haste to fol - low where it leads; The gracious call o - bey; }
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads, The Christian's destined way. }



But lo! a brighter, clear - er light Now points to his 'a - bode; It
O, glad - ly tread the nar - row path, While light and grace are given; Who



shines thro' sin and sor - row's night, To guide us to our Lord.
meekly fol - low Christ on earth, Shall reign with him in heaven.

58.

1

In the green fields of Palestine,
And by its winding rills,
Along the Jordan's sacred stream
And o'er the vine-clad hills,
Once lived and roved the fairest child
That ever blessed the earth;
The holiest, the happiest.
And yet of humblest birth.

2

How beautiful his childhood was,
Harmless and undefiled!
O, dear to his young mother's heart
Was this pure, sinless child!
Kindly in all his deeds and words,
And gentle as the dove;
Obedient, affectionate,
His very soul was love.

59.

God, our Father.

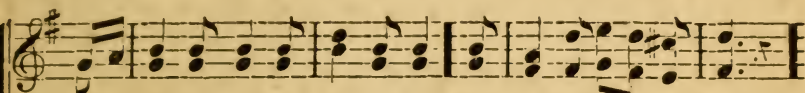
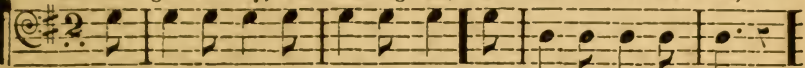
1 Even he, who lit the stars of old,
And filled the ocean broad,
Whose works and ways are manifold—
Our Father is our God.
There comes no change upon his years,
No failure to his hand;
His love will lighten all our cares,
His law our steps command.

2 Then, as his children we may come,
For he hath called us near,
And bade our souls take courage from
The love that casts out fear.
Lord, while on earth we work and pray,
For good withheld or given;
Help us in faith and love to say,
Father, who art in heaven!

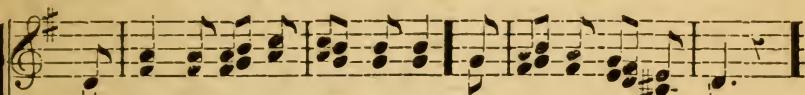
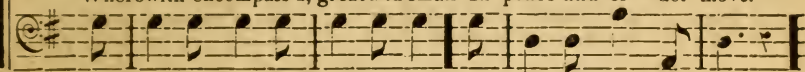
RICKARD.
"Nason's Class Book."



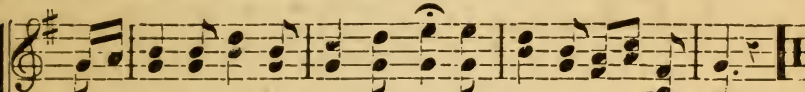
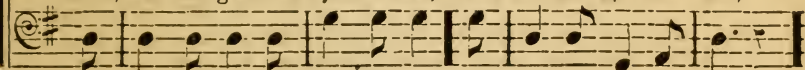
1. There is a book who runs may read, Which heavenly truth im-parts,
2. The glo-rious sky, em-brac-ing all, Is like the Maker's love,



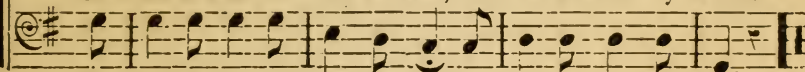
And all the lore its scholars need, Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small In peace and or - der move.



The works of God a - bove, be-low, With - in us and a - round,
Thou, who hast given me eyes to see, And love this sight so fair,



Are pa-ges in that book, to show How God him-self is found.
Give me a heart to find out thee, And read thee eve - ry - where.



61.

1

The bud will soon become a flower,
The flower become a seed;
Then seize, O youth! the present hour,
Of that thou hast most need.
The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed that thou hast sown;
And every act and word at last
By its own fruit be known.

When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!—

2

When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!
Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

62.

1

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word!—

[3]

63.

1. Al - migh - ty God, while earth and heaven Thy pow'r and skill proclaim,

Wilt thou permit a child to sing The hon - or of thy name?

2

The early dawn of opening life
Has proved thy guardian care;
And may I, through my future years,
Thy grace and goodness share.

3

Now may I give myself to thee,
And in thy name confide;
Most gracious God, O deign to be
My Father, Friend, and Guide.

3

The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they who do the Sabbath love,
A happy week will find.

65.

1

Almighty Father! I am weak,
But thou wilt strengthen me,
If from my heart I humbly seek
For health and light from thee.

2

When I am tempted to do wrong,
Then, Father, pity me,
And make my failing virtues strong;
Help me to think of thee!

3

Let Christian courage guard my youth;
That courage give to me,
Which ever speaks and acts the truth,
And puts its trust in thee.

64.

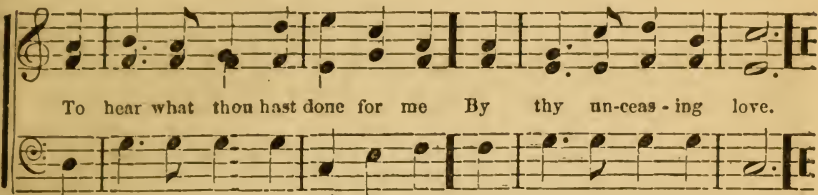
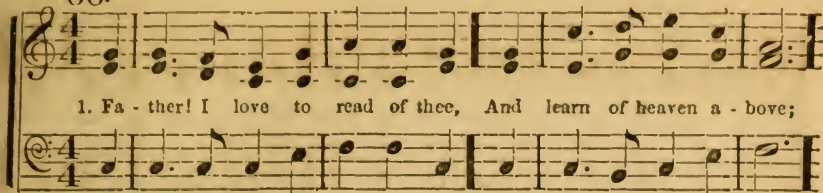
1

Blest day of God! most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days,
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise!

2

My Saviour's face made thee to shine,
His rising, thee did raise,
And made thee holy and divine,
Beyond all other days.

66.



2 To think that all this world contains
Was made and formed by thee;
And yet the power which all sustains
Has thought and care for me.

3 That thou art ever kind and good,
My constant blessings prove:
My home, my friends, my daily food,
Speak thy unfailing love.

4 Father! I know each living thing
Should sing its Maker's praise;
O, let me, then, my tribute bring,
My little offering raise!

And still that love and light impart
By which we heaven may win.

CHILD'S FRIEND.

68.

1 Calm on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains!

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above;
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems sing;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From Heaven's eternal King."

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

67.

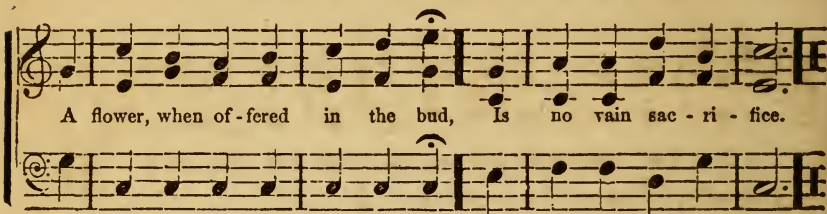
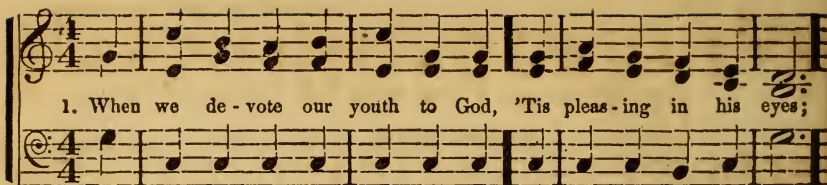
1 Father, we come together now,
A small, yet loving band;
Before thine altar we would bow,
And own thy guiding hand.

2 We come to sit at Jesus' feet,
To hear his words of love:
Send down, O Father! as we meet,
Thy Spirit from above.

3 That Spirit, which to Jesus' brow
In dove-like radiance came;
Which sealed the apostles' sacred vow
With cloven tongues of flame,—

4 Oh, let it dwell within each heart,
To guard from thoughts of sin;

69.



2

'Tis easier work, if we begin
 T' obey the Lord betimes;
 While sinners, who grow old in sin,
 Are hardened in their crimes.

3

'T will save us from a thousand snares
 To mind religion young;
 It will preserve our growing years,
 And make our virtue strong.

4

To thee, almighty God! to thee
 Our childhood we resign;
 'T will please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives were thine.

70.

1

O Lord, thy Word of light and truth
 Thou hast in mercy giv'n,
 To form the tender mind of youth,
 And raise from earth to heav'n.

2

Not only ev'ry earthly good
 Thy bounty has supplied,

In thy blest Word, celestial food
 Thou freely dost provide.

3

Here am I taught to know the way
 That leads to heav'n above,
 How to believe, and how obey
 Thy perfect law of love.

4

Here richest treasures all divine
 Are open'd to my sight;
 And here I'm taught what glories shine
 In yonder worlds of light.

71.

1

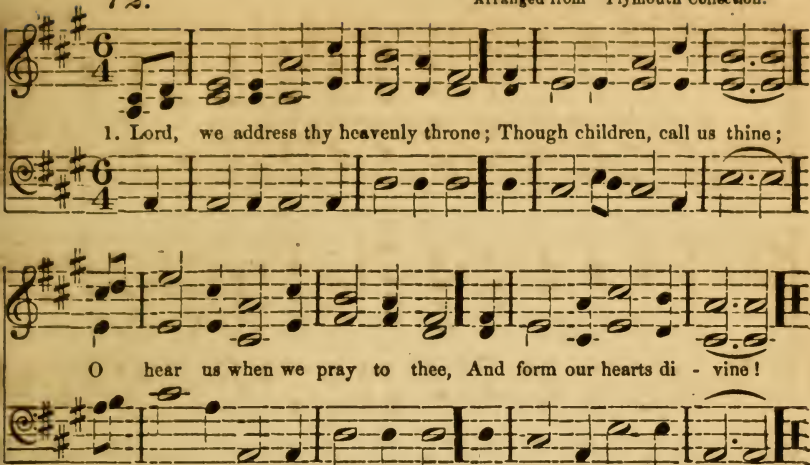
Now condescend, Almighty King,
 To bless this little throng;
 And kindly listen, while we sing
 Our parting Sabbath song.

2

Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
 Our lips together move;
 O, smile upon this cheerful band,
 And join our hearts in love!

72.

Arranged from "Plymouth Collection."



2

Give us an humble, active mind,
From sloth and folly free;
Give us a cheerful heart, inclined
To truth and piety.

3

A faithful memory bestow,
Our minds with wisdom store;
And still, O Lord, as more we know,
May we obey thee more.

73.

1

How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the Holy One,
With filial love and trust to say,
O God, thy will be done!

2

We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

3

Oh, let that will, which gave me breath,
And an immortal soul,

In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

4

Oh, teach my heart the blessed way-
To imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

74.

1

Lord, teach a little child to pray,
And, O, accept my prayer!
Thou, Lord, canst hear the words I say,
For thou art everywhere.

2

A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

3

Teach me to do what'er is right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
To love thee while I live.

1. O thou, who hast thy children taught, That, not by words a - lone,

But by the fruits of ho - ly deeds Our love to God is shown;

Up - on the dai - ly path of life Up - hold us as we go,

That in our lives, as with our lips, Thy goodness we may show.

76.

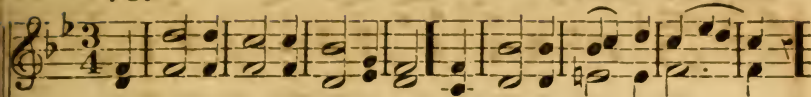
- 1 Speak gently,—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently,—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.
Speak gently to the young,—for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.
- 2 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart,
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.
Speak gently to the erring ones;
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
O, win them back again!

77.

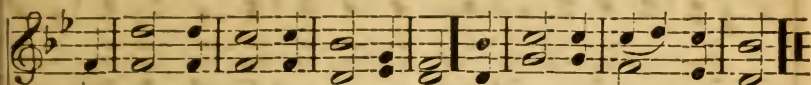
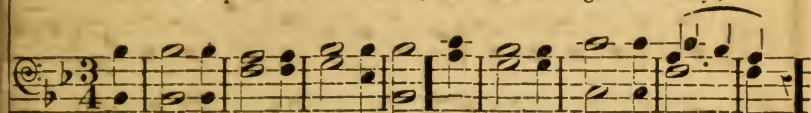
- 1 There's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,
But God has placed it there.
There's not of grass a simple blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.
- 2 There's not a star, whose twinkling light
Illumes the spreading earth;
There's not a cloud, or dark or bright,
But mercy gave it birth.
Then let us join, and sing his name,
And all his praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's glorious frame,
And made the universe.

78.

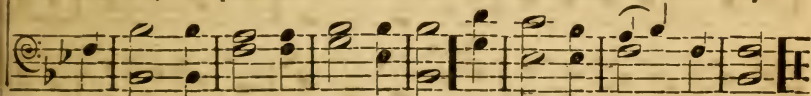
S. ALLEN. "Sacred Lyrist."



1. There is a path that leads to God, All oth-ers go a-stray;



Nar-row, but pleas-ant is the road, And Christians love the way.



It leads us through this world of sin,
And dangers must be past;
But all who boldly walk therein,
Will come to heaven at last.

How shall a youthful pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread?
Do I not need a Shepherd's care,
To be securely led?

Be thou, O Lord, my guard, my guide,
Nor let me from thee stray;
Uphold my footsteps, lest I slide
Or wander from thy way.

And placed me in this happy land,
Where I may hear of thee.

4 Help me to serve thee every day,
Whilst thou shalt give me breath;
And grant that, while on earth I stay,
I may prepare for death.

80.

1 Earth's busy sounds and ceaseless din
Wake not the morning air,
A holy calm should welcome in
This solemn hour of prayer.

2 Now peace, be still! unhallowed care
Be hushed within my breast,
A holy joy should welcome there
This happy day of rest.

3 Each better thought my spirit knows,
Come, all its breathings fill,
And Thou from whom that spirit flows,
O teach it all thy will.

4 Then shall this day which God has blest,
Hallow life's every hour;
Prepare me for that better rest,
Eternal, perfect, sure.

From Original Hymns for Sabbath Schools.

79.

I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these Christian days
A free and happy child.

I was not born as millions are,
Where God was never known,
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood and stone.

My God! I thank thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me,

"Golden Chain." By permission
of the Author, W. B. BRADBURY.

81.

1. Sweet is the prayer whose ho - ly stream In earnest pleading
2. But sweeter far the still small voice, Unheard by human ear

De - vo-tion dwells up - on the theme, And warm and warmer glow
When God has made the heart re - joice, And dried the bit - ter tears

Faith grasps the blessing she desires; Hope points the up - ward gaze
No ac - cents flow, no words as - cend; All ut - trance fail - eth there

And love, ce - les - tial love, inspires The el - o - quence of praise
But saint - ed spirits com - pre - hend, And God ac - cepts the prayer

82.

- 1 The Sabbath morn, sweet Sabbath morn,
We greet thy rising sun,
And to the duties of the day,
With fresh delight we run,
To dwell within thy temple, Lord,
Where heavenly blessings fall;
Not earth such pure delights can give,
'Tis better far than all.
- 2 Hail! gracious gift, by God designed,
A day of peace and rest,
To keep us trav'lers on our road,
And make us truly blest.
If others choose in sin and toil
To waste their hours away,
We'll love with fond and grateful hearts,
The precious Sabbath day.

SABBATH CHIMES.

83.

- 1 The bird let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;
But high she shoots through air and light
Above all low delay;
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight
Nor shadow dims her way.
- 2 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
And stain of passion free,
Aloft through virtue's purer air,
To urge my course to thee.
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

84

Arranged from BUCHMUELLER.

1. Al - migh - ty Fa - ther, heav'nly King! Who rul'st the world a -

- - - bove; Ac - cept the trib - - ute children bring, Of

grat - i - tude and love, Of grat - i - tude and love.

2 To thee each morning, when we rise,
Our early vows we pay:
And ere the night hath closed our eyes,
We thank thee for the day.

3 Our Saviour, ever good and kind,
To us his Word hath given;
That children, such as we, may find
The path that leads to heaven.

85.

[night,

1 While shepherds watch'd their flocks by
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed:

All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Address their joyful song:

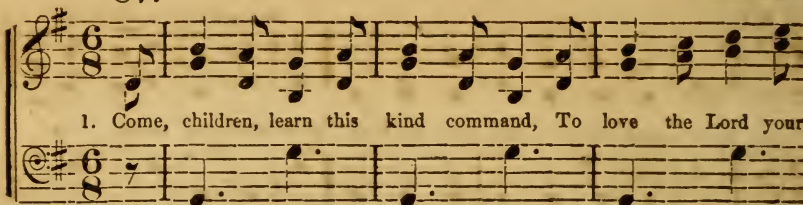
6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace!
Good-will henceforth, from heav'n to men,
Begin and never cease!"

86.

1 Come, let us all unite to praise
Our gracious God and King;
He knows our weakness—yet he deigns
To listen while we sing.

2 Praise well becomes our youthful lips;
Join every heart and tongue;
The loving-kindness of our God
Demands a cheerful song.

3 O! may we join the hosts of heaven,
When here we end our days:
And then begin the glorious song
Of everlasting praise. SAB. CHIMES.



- 2 Soon as your infant years began,
Your life was crowned with love ;
And every blessing you receive
Is given you from above.
- 3 Let your first thoughts by morning light,
Ascend to God on high ;
And in the evening bid them rise
Above the starry sky.
- 4 He loves to hear your infant prayers ;
He bids you seek his face ;
Go, like the children of his love,
And ask his promised grace.

88.

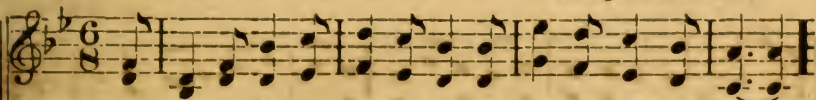
- 1 We come in childhood's innocence,
We come, as children, free !
We offer up, O God ! our hearts
In trusting love to thee.
- 2 Well may we bend, in solemn joy,
At thy bright courts above ;—
Well may the grateful child rejoice,
In such a Father's love.
- 3 In joy we wake, in peace we sleep,
Safe from all midnight harms,
Not folded in an angel's wings,
But in a Father's arms.

- 4 We come not as the mighty come ;
Not as the proud we bow ;
But as the pure in heart should bend,
Seek we thine altars now.
- 5 "Forbid them not," the Saviour said ;—
In speechless rapture dumb,
We hear the call—we seek thy face—
Father ! we come—we come !

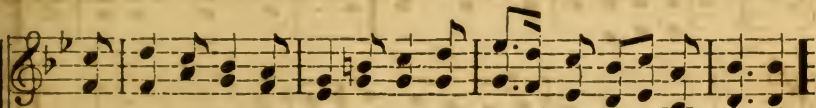
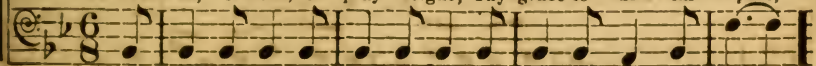
T. GRAY, JR.

89. *Spring.*

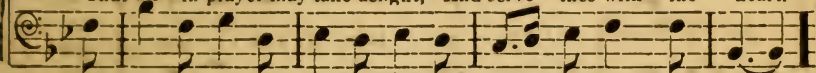
- 1 When warmer suns, and bluer skies,
Proclaim the opening year,
What happy sounds of life arise,
What lovely scenes appear !
- 2 Earth with her thousand voices sings
Her song of gladsome praise ;
And every blade of grass that springs
God's loving law obeys.
- 3 The wind-flower and the violet fair
Reflect the morning sky ;
The birds make music in the air,
The brook goes singing by.
- 4 Like this spring morning, sweet and clear
That greets our opening eyes,
The spring of heaven's eternal year
Shall bring new earth and skies.



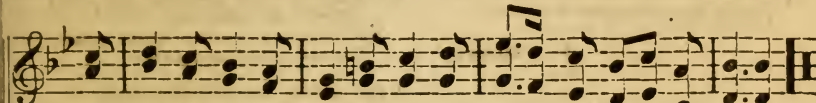
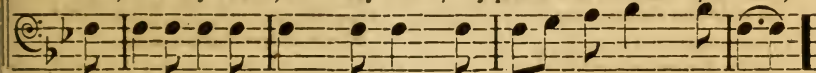
1. The Lord attends when children pray; A whisper he can hear;
2. Teach us, O Lord, to pray aright; Thy grace to us im - part,



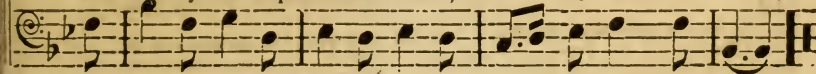
He knows not on - ly what we say, But what we wish or fear.
That we in prayer may take delight, And serve thee with the heart.



'Tis not enough to bend the knee, And words of prayer to say,
Then, Heav'nly Father, at thy throne, Thy praise we will pro-claim;



The heart must with the lips a - gree, Or else we do not pray.
And dai - ly our requests make known, In our Re - deem-er's name.



91.

- 1 What if the little rain should say,
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh these thirsty fields,
I'll tarry in the sky?
What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?
- 2 Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?
Go thou, and strive to do thy share;—
One talent,—less than thine,—
Improved with steady zeal and care,
Would gain rewards divine

92.

- 1 Will God, who made the earth and sea,
The night and shining day,
Regard a little child like me,
And listen when I pray?
Yes; in his holy word we read
Of his unfailing love;
And when his mercy most we need,
His mercy he will prove.
- 2 To those who seek him he is near;
He looks upon the heart;
And from the humble and sincere
He never will depart.
He sees our thoughts, our wishes knows,
He hears our faintest prayer;
Where'er the child to seek him goes,
He finds his Father there.

1. Searcher of Hearts! from mine e - raise All thoughts that should not be,
And in its deep re - cess - es trace My grat - i - tude to thee!

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

- 2 Hearer of Prayer! Oh, guide aright,
Each word and deed of mine;
Life's battle teach me how to fight,
And be the victory thine.
- 3 Giver of all!—for every good
In the Redeemer came;—
For raiment, shelter, and for food,
I thank Thee in His name.

G. P. MORRIS.

94.

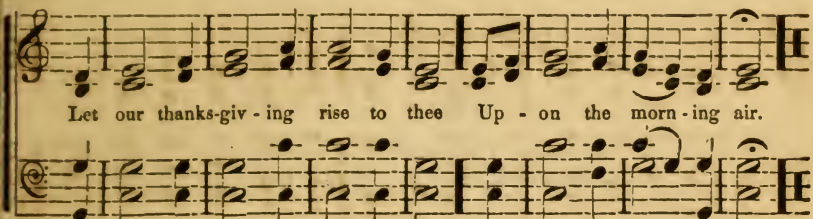
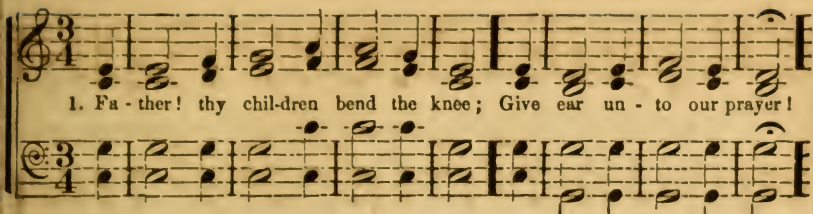
- 1 To God who reigns above the sky,
Our Father and our Friend,
To him let all our vows be paid,
And all our prayers ascend.
- 2 'Tis he who claims our youthful hearts:
He loves to hear us pray;
By night we'll think upon his love,
And praise him day by day.
- 3 With all the love a father feels,
He pities and forgives;
And though our earthly parents die,
Our heavenly Father lives.

95.

- 1 My child, tread not the downward path,
Though broad and smooth it seem;
'Tis a deceitful, thorny road,
Where dangers lurk unseen.
- 2 Let not the fruits and flowers it yields,
Allure thine erring feet;
Nor listen to the songs, which strike
The ear, so soft and sweet.
- 3 Ere half thy day of life be spent,
Those flowers so bright will fade.
Those fruits decay, nor music cheer
Thine heart at evening's shade;
- 4 And when the darkness of the night
Shall gather round the soul,
No star will guide, no voice will soothe,
Though troubles o'er thee roll.
- 5 But listen to the voice of truth,
The word of God obey,
And seek the narrow path which leads
To realms of endless day.
- 6 And though that way be steep at first,
And thorns thy feet may wound,
Each onward step will easier grow,
And fadeless flowers be found;

96.

HUNTEN.



2

We come, O God, while yet the flower
Of life is but half blown,
To pray thee that its opening hour
May bloom for thee alone!

3

Then, when it fadeth from the earth,
It may in beauty rise,
To bloom where angels have their birth,
In bowers of Paradise.

97.

1

In the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb,—

2

Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

3

He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.

[4]

4

Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth;
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

98.

1

Lord, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.

2

'Tis thou preservest me from death,
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless thou giv'st me power.

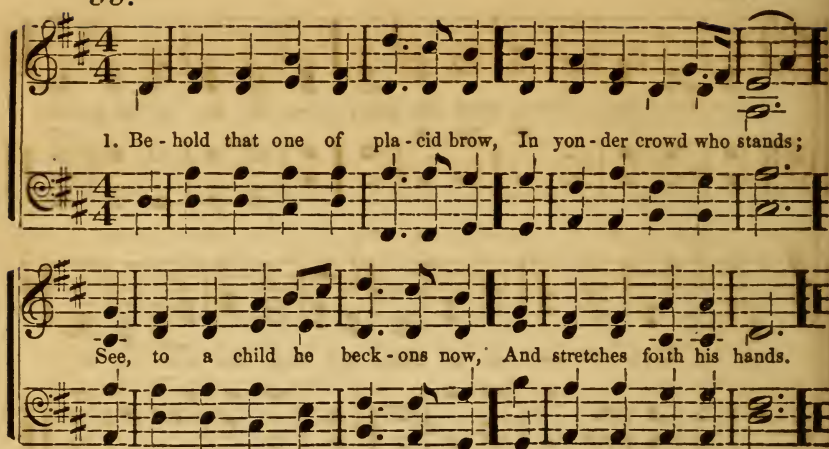
3

Kind angels guard me every night,
As round my bed they stay;
Nor am I absent from thy sight,
In darkness, or by day.

4

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee and obey.

99.



2

He takes it in his arms, above
 He looks, as if in prayer;
 Oh what a smile of pitying love,
 That gentle face doth wear.

3

It is the Saviour—children, go,
 That heavenly smile return;
 He loves you more than you can know,
 That love, Oh do not spurn.

4

But Jesus now has gone above,
 No more on earth to live,
 Still on each child he looks in love,
 His blessing still he'll give.

100. Seeking God.

1

Seek God while yet he will be found;
 Seek him from early youth;
 Seek him in all his works around,
 And in his page of truth.

2

Seek him with all your might and mind,
 Seek him with holy care;
 Seek him in thoughts of heavenly kind;
 Seek him in praise and prayer.

3

Seek him when earthly hopes decay,
 When life is joyous, seek;
 Seek him on every Sabbath day,
 And through the passing week.

4

Seek him, and him you soon shall find,
 And own how blest are they,
 Who put the morrow from the mind,
 To seek the Lord today.

Happy Hours at Home.

On the death of a Sabbath School Scholar.

101.

1

We come our Sabbath hymn to raise
 Our humble prayer to pour;
 One voice is hushed, its notes of praise
 Shall mingle here no more.

2

The lips are still, the eye is dim
 That beamed with joy and love;
 The spirit—it hath gone to Him
 Who gave it from above.

3

We will not weep, for Jesus said
 "Let little children come,"
 But pray that our young hearts be led
 To seek that better home.

From Original Hymns for Sabbath Schools.

102.

F. M. L.

1. Oh! blest were they be - yond all thought, Who saw the Sa - viour's face,

And from his earnest lips who caught The ac - cents of his grace.

2

But still he smiles upon the child
Who strives to act aright;
Still in the midst of all, he sets
The lowly,—his delight.

3

You may not see the look of love;
But your full heart can tell,
How, in its depths, from that free fount
The heavenly blessing fell.

4

When sin, without you or within,
Has spread its secret snare,
That look, that voice, may yet be near,
In answer to your prayer.

5

And when in heartfelt gratitude
Your hymn of praise you sing,
He, in his high and holy place
Accepts the offering.

Original.

103.

1

Love God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind;
And love your neighbor as yourself,—
Be faithful, just, and kind.

2

Do unto others as you would
That they should do to you;

Whate'er is honest, right, and good,
With all your might pursue.

104.

1

O God, our strength, to thee the song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To thee, and thee alone, belong
All worship, love, and praise.

2

In trouble's dark and stormy hour,
Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
And graciously thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.

3

And thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep thy promise still,
If, meekly hearkening to thy word,
We seek to do thy will.

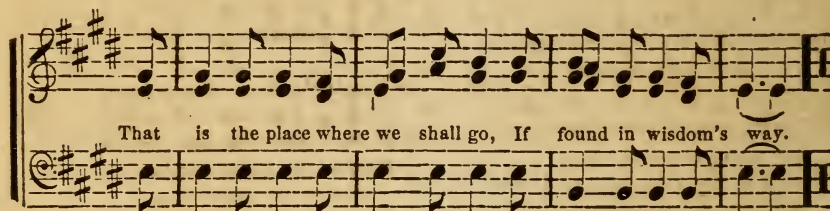
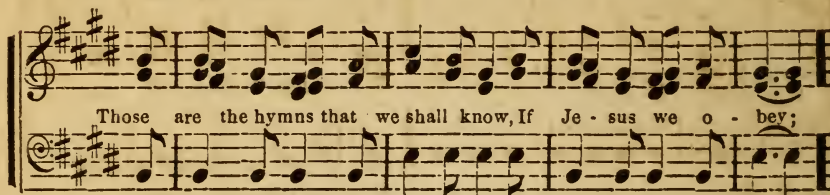
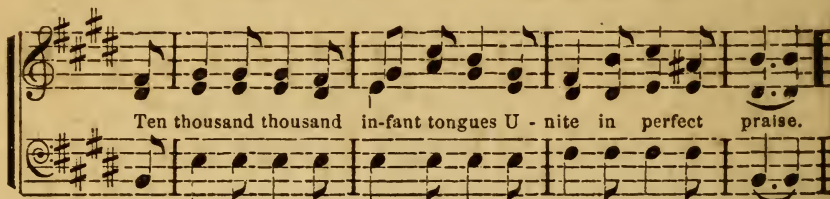
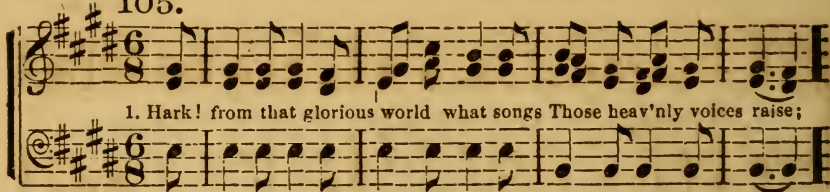
4

Led by the light thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of thee.

5

So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless;
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And Heaven its happiness.

105.



2 Soon will our earthly race be run,
 Our mortal frame decay:
 Children and teachers, one by one,
 Must droop and pass away.
 Great God! impress the serious thought
 This day on every breast;
 That both the teachers and the taught
 May enter to thy rest.

106.

1 How may a little pilgrim dare
 Life's dangerous path to tread,
 Since on the way is many a snare

For youthful travelers spread?
 And that broad road where thousands go,
 Lies near and opens fair,
 And many turn aside, I know,
 To walk with sinners there.

2 But lest my youthful steps should slide,
 Or wander from the way,
 O Father, God, be thou my guide,
 And I shall never stray.
 Then I may go without alarms,
 And trust the word of old—
 "The lambs he'll gather in his arms,
 And lead them to the fold."

"There's not a star whose twinkling ray." C. M. Double. 41

S. S. LYRE.

107.

1. There's not a star whose twinkling ray Il - lumes the dis - tant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night, But goodness gave it birth.
There's not a cloud whose dews distil Up - on the parch - ed clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill. That is not sent by God.

2 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean's depths, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,—
For God is everywhere.
Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends;
There heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with goodness blends.

2 The bark, by storms and tempests driven,
Would to its haven flee;
So turns the spirit, sorely riven,
To thee, my God, to thee.
My morning dew, mine evening nest,
My quiet haven be;
Give me to find my strength and rest
In thee, my God, in thee!

108.

1 The wild flower drinks the morning dew,
And greets the breezes free;
The pure in heart their strength renew
From thee, my God, from thee!
The tired bird seeks at night her nest
Within the sheltering tree:
So longs the weary heart to rest
On thee, my God, on thee.

109.

Now that our journey's just begun,
Our road so little trod,
We'll come, before we farther run,
And give ourselves to God.
What sorrows may our steps attend,
We never can foretell;
But since we know God is our friend,
We feel that all is well.

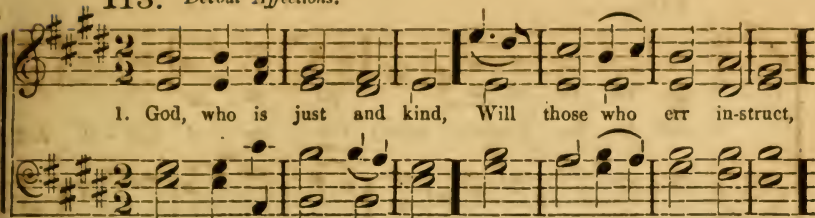
1. God is a Spir-it, just and wise, He sees our inmost mind;
2. Their lift-ed eyes sa-lute the skies, Their bending knees the ground;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries, And leave our souls be-hind.
But God ab-hors the sac-ri-fice Where not the heart is found.
Nothing but truth before his throne With honor can appear; The painted hypo-
Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways, And make my soul sincere; Then shall I stand be-
cries are known Thro' the disguise they wear, Thro' the disguise they wear.
fore thy face, And find ac-cept-ance there, And find ac-cept-ance there.

111.

- 1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
Unnumbered comforts, on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

112.

- 1 When, for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
And bore his injuries.
He was insulted every day,
Though all his words were kind;
But nothing men could do or say
Disturbed his heavenly mind.
- 2 And when upon the cross he bled,
With all his foes in view,
"Father, forgive their sins," he said;
"They know not what they do."
Dear Jesus, may I learn of thee
My temper to amend;
And speak the pardoning word for me,
Whenever I offend.

113. *Devout Affections.*

And to the paths of righteous-ness Their wandering steps conduct.

2

The humble soul he guides ;
Teaches the meek his way ;
Kindness and truth he shows to all
Who his just laws obey.

3

Give me the tender heart,
That mixes fear with love,
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.

4

O, ever keep my soul
From error, shame, and guilt ;
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.

114. 1

Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

2

Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

3

Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all ;
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call ;

4

Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

115. 1

See Israel's Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms ;
See how he takes the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

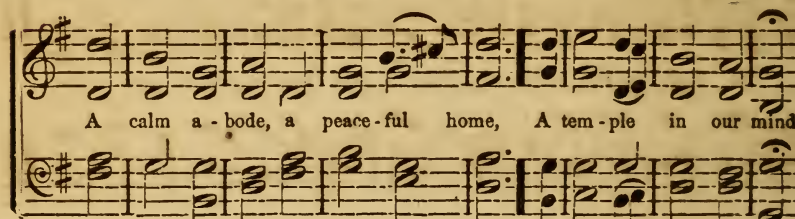
2

"Permit them to approach,
Forbid them not," he cried ;
"Of such my Father's kingdom is
And such with him abide."

3

O let this little flock,
We children seek his face ;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

116.



2

In us reveal thy laws,
And teach us all thy will;
That we devoted to thy cause,
Thy pleasure may fulfil.

3

Let peace, and joy, and love,
Be fully, freely given,
And may our youthful hearts improve,
Till we are fit for heaven.

117.

1

We love this outward world,
Its fair sky overhead,
Its morning's soft gray mist unfurled,
Its sunsets, rich and red.

2

But there's a world within,
That higher glory hath,
A life the immortal soul must win,
The life of joy and faith.

118.

1

My Maker and my king!
To thee my all I owe:
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2

Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3

Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on my early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form my lips to praise.

4

The creature of thine hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God! thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

5

O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine,
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine. MRS. STEE

119.

DR. L. MASON.



Sweet, at the dawning hour,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when the night-wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell.

Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

For thou art just, and good, and wise,
O, bend my will to thine!

4 Whate'er thy will ordains,
O, give me strength to bear;
Still let me know a Father reigns,
And trust a Father's care.

5 Thy ways' are little known
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

6 My Father!—blissful name!
Above expression dear;
If thou accept my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

120.

My Father! cheering name!
O, may I call thee mine?
Give me the humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

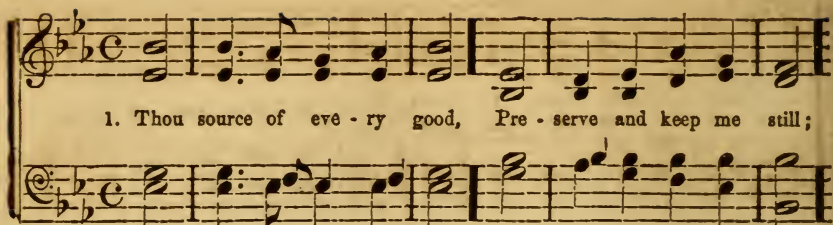
Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign;

121.

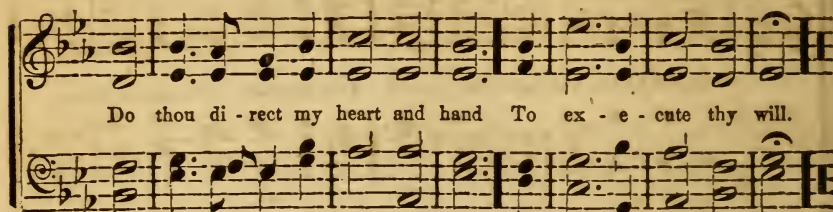
1 Once more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name,
Record his mercies every heart,
Sing every tongue the same.

2 Lord, may we love thy word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on to learn thy holy will,
And practice what we know.

122.



1. Thou source of eve - ry good, Pre - serve and keep me still;



Do thou di - rect my heart and hand To ex - e - cute thy will.

2

From every earthly charm
O set my spirit free;
May I my time and strength devote,
My life, my all to thee.

3

In wisdom's pleasant ways
Help me to persevere,
Till I shall reach the world of bliss,
And serve thee better there.

123. 1

Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

2

Still to the lowly soul
God doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Doth choose the pure in heart. KEELE.

124. 1

Within these walls be peace,
Love through our borders found,
In all our youthful palaces
Prosperity abound.

2

God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

125. 1

My few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears,
When past,—but as a day!

2

A dark and cloudy day,
Clouded by grief and sin;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.

3

Lord, through another year
If thou permit my stay,
With diligence may I pursue
The true and living way!

- ANOTHER YEAR IS GIVEN." S. M. Double. 47
126.

1. An - oth - er year is given From God, our Fa - ther dear,
2. May ma - ny good deeds done, Re - solves and prayers sin - cere,

A bless - ed gift of heaven, A hap - py, hap - py year.
And tri - als sweet - ly borne, Make this a hap - py year!

Fa - ther, thy chil - dren bless, And bless our friends so dear,
We know that it must bring Some sor - row and some care;

And may our lov - ing hearts Make this a hap - py year.
Our trust - ing hearts still sing, A hap - py, hap - py year!

127.

- 1 Now let our lips unite
To thank our Father dear,
Whose love, by day and night,
Hath kept us through the year.
In sunshine and 'mid flowers
When we our way have trod,
Those bright and joyous hours,
Were each the gift of God.
- 2 And when across our road
Some grief its shadow drew,
God's love was in the cloud,
And soon the sun shone through.
Wrong things we've done, we know,
O Father, now forgive!
And may we better grow,
Each year that we shall live.

128.

- 1 Dark night away hath rolled,
Glad birds are soaring high;
The sun with rays of gold,
Looks from the dazzling sky.
By God's protection kept,
I rested safe from harm,
For o'er me, while I slept,
He stretched his mighty arm.
- 2 Teach me to thank the Power
Whose hand sustains me so:
Who o'er each fragrant flower
Bids dews of mercy flow.
Oh raise my heart above,
Where angel hosts adore:
I'll praise thee for thy love,
And count thy mercies o'er.

129.

1. I feel with-in a want, For - ev - er burn-ing there;

What I so thirst for, grant, O thou, who hear - est prayer.

2 This is the thing I crave,
A likeness to thy Son;
This would I rather have,
Than call the world my own.

3 Like him, now in my youth
I long, O God, to be,
In tenderness and truth,
In sweet humility.

4 'Tis my most fervent prayer,
Be it more fervent still;
Be it my highest care,
Be it my settled will. FURNESS.

130.

1 How sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join,
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his power divine.

2 These seasons of delight
The dawn of glory seem,
Like rays of pure celestial light,
Which on our spirits beam.

3 O, blest assurance this
Bright morn of heavenly day;

Sweet foretaste of eternal bliss,
That cheers the pilgrim's way.

4 Thus may our joys increase,
Our love more ardent glow;
While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
Refresh our souls below.

131. *Thoughts on Death.**

1 Beyond the hills that stand
In majesty alone,—
There is a purer land,
And there our Father's throne,

2 No mortal step can tread
Upon a shore so fair;
No mortal voice be heard,
But angels' harps are there.

3 And thither soars the soul,
When life's brief day is done,
There is the destined goal
For each immortal one.

4 Then shall we turn away
When God would call us home?
No! let us rather say,
Father we'll gladly come.

* From "Original Hymns for Sabbath Schools."

132.

1. A - gain we meet, O Lord— A - gain we fill this place

To hear thy ho - ly word, To ask thy proaised grace;

To thank thee for the gifts we share, The children of thy love and care.

2 Grant us the listening ear,
The understanding heart,
The mind and will sincere,
To choose the better part.
To take the learner's lowly seat,
And gather wisdom at thy feet.

3 Through this and every day,
Teach us thy paths to tread,
Nor let our feet astray
In paths of sin be led;
But keep us in the narrow road,
The way to glory and to God.

Sabbath Chimes.

133.

1 Here, to our Sabbath home,
Upon this holy day,
With gladsome hearts we come,
Our grateful thanks to pay,
To Him whose constant love hath shed
Its blessings on each youthful head.

2 While thus assembled here,
Lessons of truth we learn,
To thee with prayer sincere
For light and strength we turn;
Oh let thy spirit in each heart
The power to do thy will impart.

3 Still drawing nearer thee,
As every day glides on,
Assist us, Lord, to be

True followers of thy Son;
Let us, like him, obedient prove,
Like him, fulfil the law of love.

4 Aid us, in word and deed,
To serve thee while we live;
And in each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give;
O fill our hearts with love divine,
And let our every thought be thine.

134.

1 Father of life! we raise
To thee a parting song,
And ask thy saving grace
Upon the youthful throng;
Let thy pure sun upon us shine,
And light our way with truth divine.

2 May what we here have heard,
Lead us to worship thee;
Let thy most holy word,
Our guide and comfort be;
And may thy spirit from above
Descend and fill our souls with love.

3 And when we hence depart,
Where we have learned thy name,
Preserve each youthful heart
Unstained by sin or shame;
Guide in thy path our feeble feet,
And keep us till again we meet.

Original Hymns for Sabbath Schools.

135.

1. From week to week, with joy we seek This place of prayer and praise,

We learn of him whose shelt'ring arm Pro-TECTS his feeblest child from harm;

And hymns we sing To God, our King, Who crowns with love our days, Who

crowns with love our days.

- 2 Here read we, too, how Jesus grew
In wisdom and in grace,
That he within our hearts must reign,
And cleanse them from each sinful stain,
Till clearly there
In lines so fair
His image we may trace.
- 3 Accept us now as here we bow
Thy favor to entreat,
Bless thou the teacher and the taught,
May both in thy great love be brought
At last to stand,
A happy band,
Around thy mercy seat.

136.

- 1 Awake, awake, your homes forsake,
To God your praises pay;
The morning sun is clear and bright,
How precious is the sacred light!
With songs of love
Praise God above,
It is the Sabbath day.

- 2 We hail the dawn of that blest morn
On which the Saviour rose,
When from the dark and silent tomb
He banished all the doubt and gloom,
And came in might
To life and light,
Triumphant o'er his foes.

- 3 The angels bright, from worlds of light,
To greet his rising came;
The Prince of life with joy they view,
While heaven's its glories o'er him threw;
Then haste to fly
Above the sky,
Their raptures to proclaim.

137.

Arranged from Root's "Flower Queen."

1. Author of light and love! Maker and Father! Smile on us from above,

Here as we gather; Thanks for thy care we bring; Tune thou our lips to sing,

Loud let our anthem ring, Praise to thy name.

Gladly that care we own,—
We, who thy love have known:
Grateful before thy throne
Bow we to-day.

2 Still this our happy band
Guarding, defending,
O'er us thy mighty hand
Ever extending,
Grant yet one blessing more
From thy abundant store,
On all our spirits pour
Grace from above.

2 Lambs of the Saviour's flock,
Safe in his guiding,
Sheltered beneath the Rock,
Surely abiding.
We for the wanderers plead:
Our brothers pine in need;
Lead them, Good Shepherd, lead
Back to thy fold.

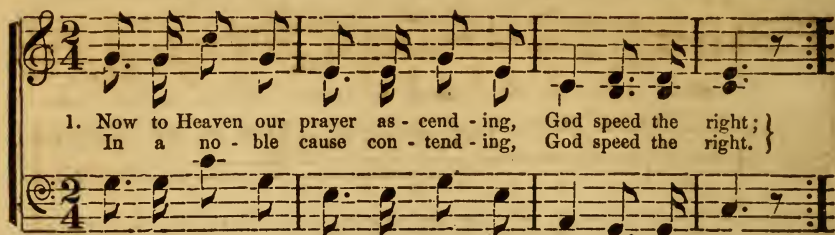
3 O may thy holy Son
With us abiding,
Till earthly toil is done,
Leading and guiding,
Bring us at last to thee,
From sin and sorrow free,
With songs of victory—
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Let every fervent prayer,
Heavenward ascending,
With it some token bear
Of love unending;
Some word of kindness said,
Some hungry orphan fed,
Some gospel sunlight shed
On darkened souls.

4 Then, when in heaven we stand,
Joyfully singing,
This poor and friendless band,
Their praises bringing,
Shall with our tongues unite,
Saying, "All power and might
Are thine, O Lord! of right,
For evermore."

138.

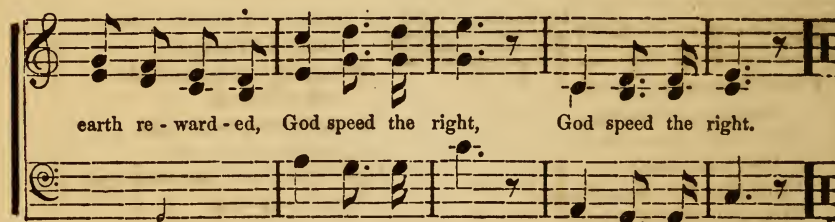
1 Father, whose heavenly care,
Round us for ever,
Numbers our every hair,
Leaving us never,



1. Now to Heaven our prayer as - cend - ing, God speed the right ; }
In a no - ble cause con - tend - ing, God speed the right. }



Be our zeal in Heaven re - cord - ed, With suc - cess on



earth re - ward - ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.

2

Be that prayer again repeated—
God speed the right ;
Ne'er despairing, though defeated ;
God speed the right.
Like the good and great in story,
If we fail, we fail with glory :
God speed the right.

3

Patient, firm and persevering ;
God speed the right ;
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing ;

God speed the right.

Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's time succeeding—
God speed the right.

4

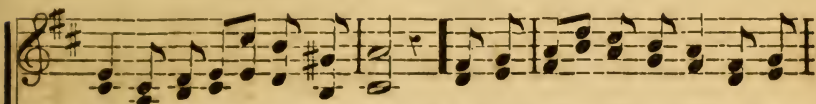
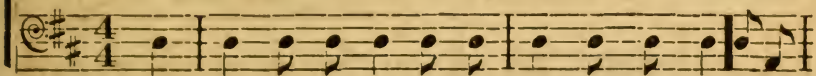
Still our onward course pursuing ;
God speed the right ;
Every foe at length subduing ;
God speed the right.
Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it ;
God speed the right.

140.

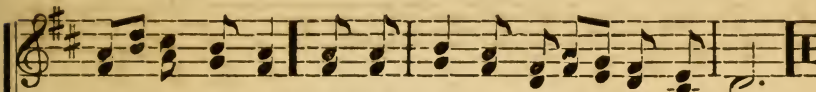
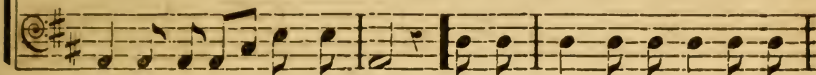
Longfellow's Collection.



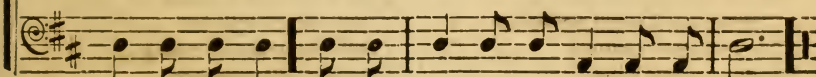
1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, How when



Je - sus was here a-mong men, He once called lit - tle children as



lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.



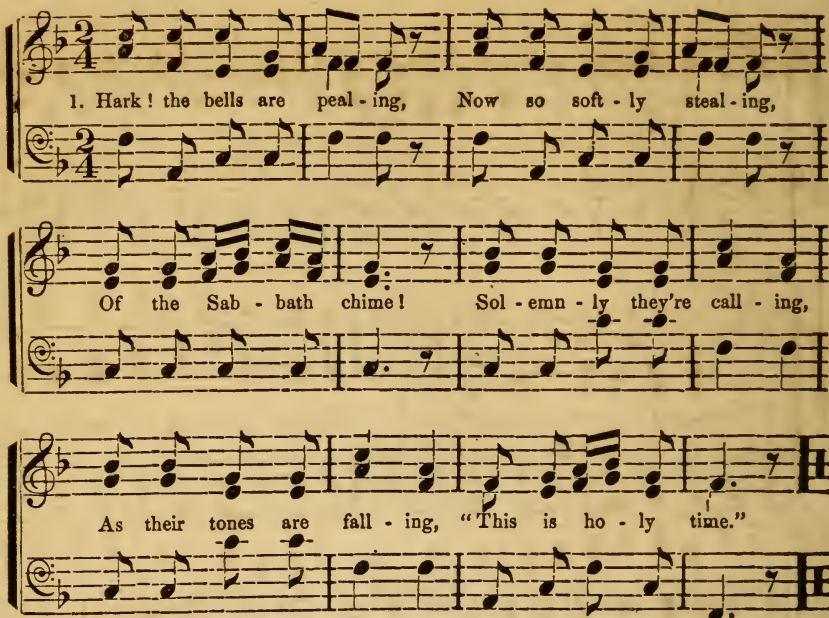
2

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3

Yet still to his presence in thought I may go,
And ask for a share of his love ;
He who loved little children, when dwelling below,
Must love them, when dwelling above.

141.



1. Hark! the bells are peal-ing, Now so soft-ly steal-ing,
Of the Sab-bath chime! Sol-emn-ly they're call-ing,
As their tones are fall-ing, "This is ho-ly time."

2 Now our steps are wending,
With our schoolmates bending
Towards the Sunday School;
There we love to gather,
Bringing to our Father
Hearts with praises full.

2 For a love so tender,
What may children render
To a Father good?
How their thanks express^{ing}
For thine every blessing,
Show their gratitude?

3 May their music never
Find us straying ever
Farther from our God,
But with spirits burning,
Faces heavenward turning,
Seeking his abode.

3 Hands with succor speedy
For the poor and needy,
Eyes to all the blind,
Feet with service willing,
Hearts that love is filling,
Truth within the mind,—

142.

1 Father! thine the praises
Infancy now raises,
To the Lord of all!
Thou dost watch our slumber,
Every hair dost number,
See'st the sparrow's fall.

4 These the gifts, O Father,
That thou choosest, rather
Than aught else we bring;
Oh! that all before thee
Rightly may adore thee,
With this offering.

143.

"Juvenile Lyre." By permission.

1. All the week we spend, Full of childish bliss, Every changing

scene Brings its hap - pi - ness; Yet our joys would not be full,

Had we not the Sab - bath School, Yet our joys would not be full,

Had we not the Sabbath School, Had we not the Sab - bath School.

2 Lovely is the dawn
Of each rising day,
Loveliest the morn
Of the Sabbath day;
Then our happy thoughts are full,
Of the precious Sabbath School.

3 To our listening ears
Blessed news are brought—
Tidings of the work
Love divine has wrought;
Gracious news and merciful—
How we love the Sabbath School.

4 Teachers, you are kind
Thus to point the road
Leading us from sin
To our Father, God,
May we all be dutiful
In the precious Sabbath School.

5 Sweetly fades the light
Of each passing day!
Fairest is the night
Of the Sabbath day.
Then our hearts with praise are full
For the precious Sabbath School.

144.

1. There's a land of rest e - ter - nal, Promised to the faithful here,
 There the Spring is ev - er ver - nal, And the blossoms ne'er grow sere.
 Let us seek that blest kingdom, Let us seek that blest kingdom,
 Let us seek that blest king - dom, In our ear - ly days.

145.

- 2 There the sun is ever shining
 On the sweet fields of heaven,
 There the harps are ever ringing,
 With the sounds of praise.
 Let us seek, &c.
- 3 There is heard no voice of wailing,
 There no tear may ever fall,
 But the anthem never-failing
 Rises to the Lord of all.
 Let us seek, &c.
- 4 Children, too, may join the singing,
 And the holy strain repeat,
 Each a palm of victory bringing
 Lowly, to the Conqueror's feet.
 Let us seek, &c.

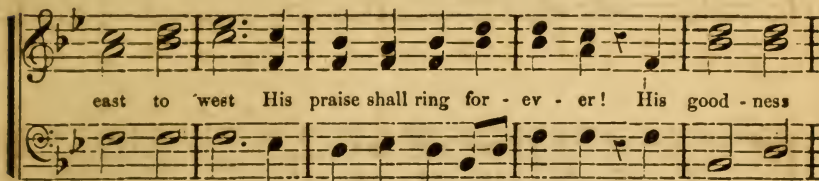
- 1 Time its steady flight is winging,
 And the year's last hours draw nigh,
 Each a solemn message bringing,
 Telling of eternity.
 Here on earth we're but pilgrims,
 Here on earth we're but pilgrims,
 Here on earth we're but pilgrims,
 To our home on high.
- 2 There the Father's smile awaits us,
 There the voice of the Saviour
 Bids the spirit joyous welcome
 To its home on high. Here on earth, &c.
- 3 Are our lives in goodness growing,
 Every day more pure and true,
 Love on all around bestowing,
 Keeping heaven, our home in view?
 Here on earth, &c.

146.

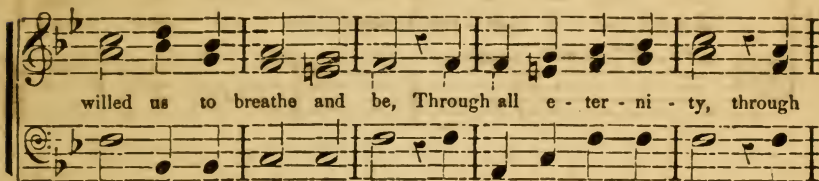
From "Part Songs for Female Voices."



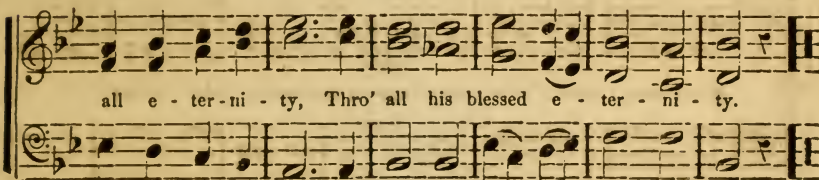
1. Sing praise to God, The Mak - er and the Giv - er! From



east to west His praise shall ring for - ev - er! His good - ness



willed us to breathe and be, Through all e - ter - ni - ty, through



all e - ter - ni - ty, Thro' all his blessed e - ter - ni - ty.

2

3

Behold yon sun,	Thou Father-house,
So bright beyond expressing,	Which blessed souls inherit!
'Twas God who gave	Where endless joy
That great and glorious blessing;	Delights each happy spirit!
All things that are, from his wisdom spring;	Loud let it roll through the world along,
The great Almighty King, the great Almighty	The spheres' glad thunder song, the spheres'
King,	glad thunder song,
From Him, the great Almighty King!	The mighty Father's triumph song.

1. O Heaven - ly Fa - ther, when the dawn is break - ing,
Thine be our grate - ful thanks for glad a - wak - ing,

And hope and joy re - turn with morn - ing light,
From qui - et slum - bers through the si - lent night. }

When sunny noon its ra - di - ance is pour - ing, And cheerful du - ties

speed the ac - tive day, Grant these thy blessings, and may we, a - dor - ing

Thy love in each and all, glad ser - vice pay. So shal' our powers Find
large in - crease, And all our hours Be full of peace.

The musical score consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first system contains the lyrics 'Thy love in each and all, glad ser - vice pay. So shal' our powers Find'. The second system contains the lyrics 'large in - crease, And all our hours Be full of peace.'.

- 2 When silent eve, o'er twilight faintly glowing,
 Lets fall her starry curtain in the west,
 In filial trust, like quiet waters flowing,
 Beneath thy sure protection may we rest.
 So when life's day of faithful work is ended,
 And gently breathe worn nature's parting sighs,
 By thy great grace from every fear defended,
 Shall Heaven's bright glories beam upon our eyes.
 And sweet and clear
 Shall float along,
 Near and more near,
 The angels' song.

148.

- 1 Father, who hearest all before thee kneeling,
 Humbly we raise to thee our earnest prayer,
 That thou would'st fill our every thought and feeling
 Full with the sense of all thy tender care.
 Thou, who commandest all the waves of ocean,
 The awful lightnings flashing through the sky,
 Whose power directs the circling planet's motion,
 Thine ear attends to all thy children's cry.
 For naught is vast,
 And naught is small,
 To Thee, First, Last,
 Great All in All.
- 2 The blessed angels bend from heaven o'er us,
 To watch for every wanderer's return,
 And as he prays, how glad their joyful chorus,
 And brighter still their censers burn.
 From sin and death Christ waiteth to deliver,
 The Holy Spirit to our help comes down,
 A witness cloud is round about us ever,
 And God's own hand holds forth a glorious crown.
 The Saviour near,
 All doubt be gone,
 In holy cheer
 Press on, press on.

149.

1st time Solo voice, or Soprano voices only. 2d time All.

1. At the dawn - ing of this blest morn - ing, We will

hasten, we will hasten to our school; 'Tis here our voices unite in

singing, And youthful praises are sweetly ringing, At the

dawning of this blest morning We will hasten, we will hasten to our school.

2

To our Father our thanks we render
 For our happy, for our happy Sunday School,
 And to his footstool our prayers ascending,
 With notes of angels and saints are blending,
 At the dawning, &c.

3

Then with gladness we hear the story
Of our Saviour, of our Saviour while on earth,
On little children around him pressing,
His hand of mercy was laid in blessing,
At the dawning, &c.

4

Of the mansions of life eternal
We are learning, we are learning in our school,
Oh! to our spirits be this the portal
That leads to glories and joys immortal.
At the dawning, &c.

150.

1

We are seeking a heavenly country:
Will you follow, will you follow, as we go?
This earth is lovely, with music ringing,
But angel voices in heaven are singing.
We are seeking a heavenly country,
Will you follow, will you follow, as we go?

2

Fair the sunshine on grove and meadow,
We are happy, we are happy in the sight,
The fields of Eden are ever vernal,
God's holy presence their light eternal.
We are seeking, &c.

3

Friends and parents with love surround us;
They are dearer, they are dearer every day,
One love abiding exceeds all others,
That love immortal beyond a brother's.
We are seeking, &c.

4

All that's earthly is quickly passing,
And we may not, and we may not linger here;
But heavenly treasures can fail us never,
This life's true blessings are ours forever.
We are seeking, &c.

"THERE IS A PROMISE." P. M.

"Shining Shore."

G. F. ROOT. By permission.

151.

1. There is a prom - ise, O how sweet! Which God him - self has

The first system of music is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/4. It contains four measures of music. The lyrics are written below the notes.

spo - ken; A promise for us children meet, That nev - er can be broken.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It also contains four measures of music with corresponding lyrics.

God's word is sure and will en - dure Through a - ges nev - er - end - ing, O

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It contains four measures of music with corresponding lyrics.

trust him still through good and ill, Up - on his love de - pend - ing.

The fourth and final system of music on this page continues the melody and accompaniment. It contains four measures of music with corresponding lyrics.

2

He calls us in our youthful days,
To choose his kindly guiding,
And they that early seek, he says,
Shall find his care abiding.

God's word, &c.

3

Shall we neglect that gracious call,
And leave it till the morrow,
And find, when pain and grief befall,
No comfort for our sorrow ?

God's word, &c.

4

Oh ! no ; we'll serve him in our youth,
A service free and willing,
We'll prove how boundless is his truth,
How bounteous its fulfilling.

God's word, &c.

152.

- 1 We sing the song the starry host
Poured forth on that bright morning,
When earth assumed her heavenly post,
Her sister worlds adorning.
Oh ! praise the Lord with one accord.
To him alone be glory,
With loud acclaim, Oh ! sound his name
And tell the wondrous story.
- 2 We sing the song the angels sang
Of old, to shepherds weary,
When heaven with hallelujahs rang,
O'er Judah's hill-side dreary.
Oh ! praise, &c.
- 3 We sing the song that through the air
Of Zion's courts was ringing,
When God's best gift—the Saviour—there,
The children hailed with singing.
Oh ! praise, &c.
- 4 We sing the song that we shall sing
Around the throne forever,
When every creature praise shall bring,
And worship falter never.
Oh ! praise, &c.

153.

1. Thou whose Al - migh - ty word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,
 And took their flight! Hear us, we hum-bly pray, And where the
 Gos - pel day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light!

2

Descend thou from above,
 Spirit of truth and love,
 Speed on thy flight!
 Move o'er the waters' face,
 Spirit of hope and grace,
 And in earth's darkest place
 Let there be light!

2

Come, thou all-gracious Lord!
 By heaven and earth adored,
 Our prayer attend!
 Come, and thy children bless;
 Give thy good word success;
 Make thine own holiness
 On us descend.

154.

1

Come, thou Almighty King!
 Help us thy name to sing!
 Help us to praise!
 Father, all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days!

3

Never from us depart;
 Rule thou in every heart,
 Hence, evermore!
 Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

155. *Prayer for our Country.*

1. God bless our na - tive land! Firm may she ev - er stand
 2. For her our prayer shall rise To God a - bove the skies ;

Through storm and night! When the wild tempests rave, Rul - er of
 On him we wait. Thou who art ev - er nigh, Guarding with

wind and wave! Do thou our coun - try save, By thy great might.
 watch - ful eye, To thee a - loud we cry, God save the State.

156. *National Hymn.*

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing ;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee—
 Land of the noble, free—
 Thy name I love ;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills ;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees

Sweet freedom's song ;
 Let mortal tongues awake ;
 Let all that breathe partake ;
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

3 Our fathers' God, to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing :
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light ;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

One fervent prayer we raise ;
 Lord ! let our early days
 Be thine alone.

2 O ! draw us to thy Son !
 Life's journey just begun—
 Life's paths untried—
 O'er all the dangerous steep
 May the good Shepherd keep
 His weak and wand'ring sheep
 Their Strength and Guide.

3 O ! draw us to thy Son !
 Thou, who would'st have us one
 With him and thee !
 In that close union blest,
 Thy peace shall fill each breast,
 And heaven's eternal rest
 Our portion be. Original.

157.

1 Our Father, throned above !
 Thy watchful care and love
 Thy children own ;
 With our glad hymns of praise

158.

"Song Book of School Room."
By permission.

1. See the morning sunbeams Lighting up the wood, Si - lent - ly pro-

claim-ing, "God is ev - er good," "God is ev - er good."

2

Hear the mountain streamlet
In the solitude,
With its ripple, saying,
"God is ever good!"

Gushing streams and fountains,
Murmur, "God is good."

2

Now the glad sun breaking,
Pours a golden flood;
Deepest vales awaking,
Echo, "God is good."

3

In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing,
"God is ever good!"

3

Hymns of praise are ringing,
Through the leafy wood;
Songsters sweetly singing,
Warble, "God is good."

4

Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude;
While all nature utters,
"God is ever good!"

4

Wake, and join the chorus,
Man, with soul endued!
He, whose smile is o'er us,
God, our God is good.

159.

1

Morn amid the mountains,
Lonely solitude,

160.

"Song Book of School Room."
By permission.

1. Lo! the heav'ns are breaking, Pure and bright above: Life and light a -

wak - - ing, Murmur, "God is love," Murmur, "God is love."

2

Round yon pine clad mountain,
Flows a golden flood:
Hear the sparkling fountain
Whisper, "God is good."

3

See the streamlet bounding,
Through the vale and wood,
Hear its ripples sounding,
Tell that "God is good,"

4

Music now is ringing,
Through the leafy grove,
Feathered songsters singing,
Warble, "God is good."

5

Wake my heart, and springing
Spread thy wings above,
Soaring still, and singing,
Singing, "God is good."

2

Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own;
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

3

Hand in hand with angels;
Some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
Into paths of light.

4

Some soft hands are covered
From our mortal grasp,
Soul in soul to hold us
With a firmer clasp.

5

Hand in hand with angels,
Walking every day,
How the chain may brighten,
None of us can say.

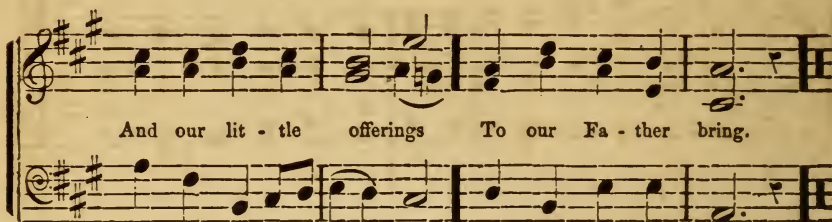
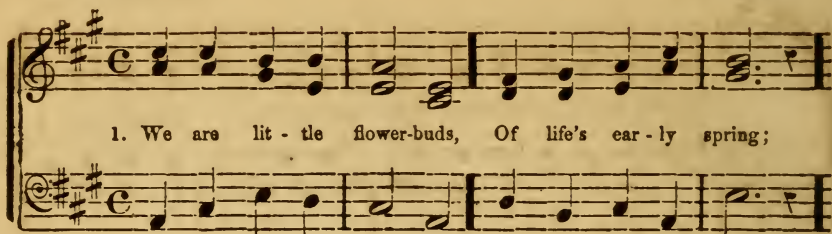
6

Yet it doubtless reaches
From earth's lowest one,
To the loftiest seraph
Standing near the throne

161 *Hand in hand with Angels.*

1

Hand in hand with angels,
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know.



2

Though so small and helpless,
Jesus calls us his,
Saying of such children
Heaven's great kingdom is.

3

Learning God's commandments
In our Sunday School,
And to guide our actions
By the golden rule,

4

We would love our Father
From our early days,
So, on earth to serve him,
Or in heaven to praise.

163.

1

When o'er earth is breaking
Rosy light, and fair,
Morn afar proclaimeth,
Sweetly, "God is there."

2

When the spring is wreathing
Flowers, rich and rare,

On each leaf is written,
"Nature's God is there."

3

When the storm is howling
Through the midnight air,
Fearfully its thunder
Tells us, "God is there."

4

All the wide world's treasures,
Rich, or grand, or fair,
In each feature beareth,
Graven, "God is there."

5

Author of creation,
When thy work was done,
Shouts of exultation
Echoed round thy throne.

6

Morning stars were ringing
Through the vault above;
Sons of God were singing
Of thy power and love.

164.

Fine

1. God, from whom all blessings flow, Per-fect-ing the saints be - low, }
 Hear us, who thy na - ture share, Who thy lov-ing chil - dren are. }
 Still for more on thee we call, Thou who fill-est all in all.

Join us, in one spir - it join, Let us still re - ceive of thine :

D.C.

2 Sweetly may we all agree,
 Touched with softest sympathy ;
 Kindly for each other care ;
 Every member feel its share.
 Never from our office move,
 Needful to each other prove ;
 Use the grace on each bestowed,
 Tempered by the art of God.

165.

1 Father, now to thee we raise
 Grateful songs and hymns of praise ;
 Let thy blessing on us rest,
 With thy smile may we be blest :
 Thanks to thee, our Father kind,
 For the truths of heart and mind,
 For the love and watchful care,
 That have blessed us through the year.

2 Father, be our guide in youth,
 Lead us in the paths of truth ;
 May we thy true children be,
 Honest, loving, brave, and free ;
 May we love to do thy will,
 In the world our part fulfil,
 And, as year by year goes by,
 Grow in truth and purity.

166.

1 Little trav'lers, Zionward,
 Each one ent'ring into rest,
 In the kingdom of your Lord,
 In the mansions of the blest ;
 There, to welcome, Jesus waits,
 Gives the crowns his foll'wers win--
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates !
 Let the little trav'lers in !

2 Who are they whose little feet,
 Pacing life's dark journey through,
 Now have reach'd that heavenly seat
 They had ever kept in view ?
 " I from Greenland's frozen land ;"
 " I from India's sultry plain ;"
 " I from Afric's barren sand ;"
 " I from islands of the main."

3 " All our earthly journey past,
 Every tear and pain gone by,
 Here together met at last,
 At the portal of the sky !
 Each the welcome ' COME ' awaits,
 Conqu'rors over death and sin !"—
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates !
 Let the little trav'lers in !

167.

End.

1. Shepherd of thy lit - tle flock, Lead us to the shadowing rock, }
 Where the rich - est pastures grow, Where the liv - ing wa - ters flow. }
 Shepherd, Saviour, Guardian, Guide, Keep us ev - er near thy side !

D.C.

By that pure and si - lent stream, Shelter'd from the scorching beam,

168. 1

To thy pastures, fair and large,
 Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge ;
 And my couch, with tenderest care,
 'Midst the springing grass prepare.
 When I faint with summer's heat,
 Thou shalt guide my weary feet
 To the streams, that, still and slow,
 Through the verdant meadows flow.

2

Safe the dreary vale I tread,
 By the shades of death o'erspread ;
 With thy rod and staff supplied,
 This my guard, and that my guide.
 Constant to my latest end,
 Thou my footsteps shalt attend,
 And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
 Yield me an eternal home.

169. 1

As the sun's enlivening eye
 Shines on every place the same,
 So the Lord is always nigh
 To the souls that love his name.
 For a season called to part,
 Let us, then, ourselves commend
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever-present Friend.

2

Father, hear our humble prayer ;
 Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
 Let thy mercy and thy care
 All our souls in safety keep.
 In thy strength may we be strong ;
 Sweeten every cross and pain ;
 Give us, if we live, ere long,
 Here to meet in peace again.

170.

1. Blessed Lord, thy grace im - part, Meek and low - ly make my heart ;

Poor in spir - it may I be, Clothed with all hu - mil - i - ty.

2

Simple, teachable and mild,
As becomes a little child ;
Pleased with what my God provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

3

Father, fix my soul on thee,
Every evil make me flee :
May I seek the things above,
Only happy in thy love !

3

Praise him, ye who know his love ;
Praise him, from the depths beneath ;
Praise him in the heights above ;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe !

MONTGOMERY.

172. 1

Suppliant, lo ! thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessing now ;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend,—
We are weak, almighty thou.

2

With the peace thy word imparts,
Be the taught and teacher blest ;
In their lives and on their hearts,
Father, be thy laws imprest.

3

Pour into each longing mind
Light and knowledge from above :
Charity for all mankind—
Trusting faith, enduring love GRA

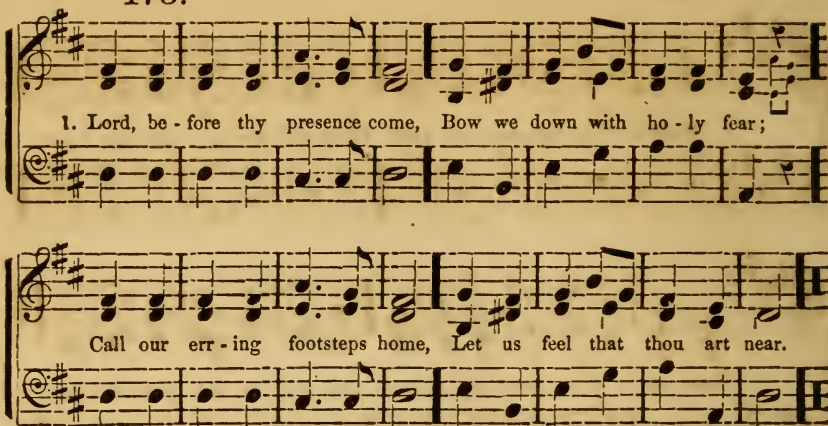
171. 1

All ye nations, praise the Lord ;
All ye lands, your voices raise ;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise.

2

For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

173.



1. Lord, be - fore thy presen^ce come, Bow we down with ho - ly fear;
Call our err - ing footsteps home, Let us feel that thou art near.

- 2 Wandering thoughts and languid powers
Come not where devotion kneels;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.
- 3 At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares;
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

TAYLOR.

174.

- 1 In a modest, humble mind,
God will ever take delight;
But the proud shall never find
Grace and favor in his sight.
- 2 Was not Jesus meek and mild?
He no angry thoughts allow'd!
O, then, shall a little child
Dare to be perverse and proud?
- 3 This, indeed, should never be;
Lord, forbid it, we entreat;
Grant that all may learn of thee,
That humility is sweet.

175.

- 1 Early as we think or talk,
We in God's own way would walk;
Early as we feel or speak,
We the Sunday School would seek.
- 2 Help us, Lord, the way to find,
How we may be good and kind;

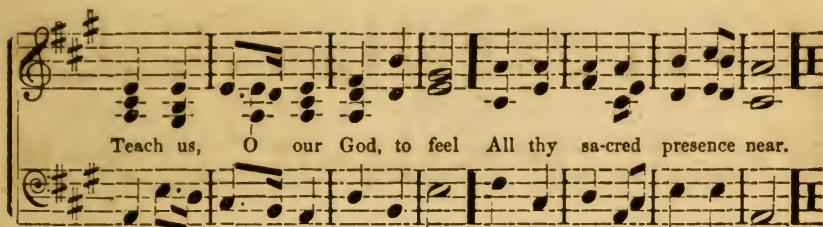
How, with temper sweet and mild,
Each may be a Christian child.

- 3 Help us, too, to act the truth,
Through the slippery years of youth;
Guide us, keep us, Lord, we pray,
Each and all from sin's dark way.
- 4 As we strong and older grow,
More we'll try to do and know;
Hither come from year to year,
Early in our class appear.
- 5 Love our teachers, love the place,
Grow in stature, grow in grace,
Live a life of truth and love,
So be meet for bliss above.

176.

- 1 Thanks to thee, before we part,
Father, rise from every heart,
For the blessed Sabbath, given
To prepare our souls for heaven.
- 2 Give the teaching of this hour
O'er our lives a guiding power;
Deep impress thy saving truth
On the wavering heart of youth.
- 3 Guide and Guardian be to each
Till that safer home we reach,
Where—sweet Sabbaths never o'er—
We shall meet and part no more.

177.



- 2 Cheek each proud and wandering thought
When on thy great name we call,
Man is naught, is less than naught,
Thou, O God, art all in all.
- 5 Praise the mercy that did send
Jesus for our guide and friend :
Praise Him, every heart and voice,
Him who makes the world rejoice.

FOLLOWS.

- 3 O receive the praise that dares
Seek thy heaven-exalted throne ;
Bless our offerings, hear our prayers,
Infinite and Holy One.

178.

- 1 Praise to God ; oh ! let us raise
From our hearts a song of praise ;
Of that goodness let us sing
Whence our lives and blessings spring.
- 2 Praise to Him who made the light,
Praise to Him who gave us sight !
Praise to Him who formed the ear !
He our humble praise will hear.
- 3 Praise Him for our happy hours ;
Praise Him for our varied powers ;
For these thoughts that soar above ;
For these hearts he made for love.
- 4 For the voice he placed within,
Bearing witness when we sin ;
Praise to Him whose tender care
Keeps the watchful guardian there !

179.

- 1 Saviour ! to the living well
Thou hast brought our little feet ;
Where its purest waters swell,
Thou hast made our safe retreat.
- 2 Other lambs, to thee as dear,
Wander in the desert bare,
Thirsting for the fountain clear,
Fainting in the sultry air.
- 3 We would lead them to thy side,
That, like us, they may be blest ;
Tender Shepherd ! be their guide
To the pastures of our rest.
- 4 We would bring them to the spring
Of thy never failing love,
Let its waters murmuring
All their pain and thirst remove,—
- 5 Till within their hearts that wave
Source of hidden life shall be ;
Welling up to bless and save,
Springing to eternity.

Original.

180. *Christmas Carol.*

1. Lit - tle children, sweet - ly sing, On this birth-day of our King,

Now a joy - ous an - them raise, In glad notes of grateful praise.

2 See, he leaves his Father's throne,
Lays aside his starry crown,
And to save the sons of men,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

3 Hark ! a new song rends the sky.
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, good will to men,
Christ is born in Bethlehem."

4 Angels now their chorus sing,
While the heavenly arches ring
To the seraphs' glad "Amen,
Christ is born in Bethlehem."

5 Children, catch the wondrous sound,
Let it peal the earth around,
Till all nations, tribes, and men,
Love the "Babe of Bethlehem."

Sabbath Chimes.

181. *Glory to God.*

1 Glory be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky,
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven !

2 Happy children, raise the song ;
Endless thanks to God belong ;
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.

3 Mark the wonders of his hand ;
Power, no empire can withstand ;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme ;
Goodness, one eternal stream !

4 Gracious being ! from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down ;
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our selfish passions cease.

182.

1 Glory to our heavenly King !
Bounteous Parent ! thee we sing ;
Gratitude the strain inspires,
Humble hopes, sincere desires.

2 God of glory ! God of love !
Lord of all the worlds above !
Thee we bless for daily food ;
Thee we bless for every good.

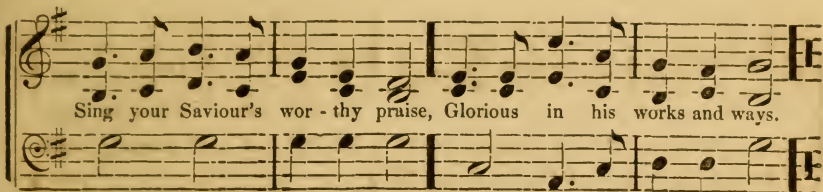
3 More than all, we praise thee, Lord,
For the blessings of thy word ;
For the tidings Jesus brought,
For the precepts Jesus taught.

4 Gracious Father ! Heavenly King !
Feeble lips presume to sing ;
Infant voices humbly raise
Grateful, fervent songs of praise !

"Children of the Heavenly King." 7s. (Duett.) 75

183.

F. M. L.



2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

184.

1 Child! to thee the loved of Heaven,
Boundless power to improve is given;
Rise to meet temptation's power;
Stand, in passion's wildest hour.

2 Fast as danger round thee grows,
Gather strength from conquered foes;
Tread the path the Leader trod,
Pressing on to peace, to God.

3 Pause not, rest not, yield not now,
Soon the crown shall grace thy brow;

Child of Heaven! then fix thine eyes
Onward! onward to the prize.

185.

1 Feeble, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die?
Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to thee?

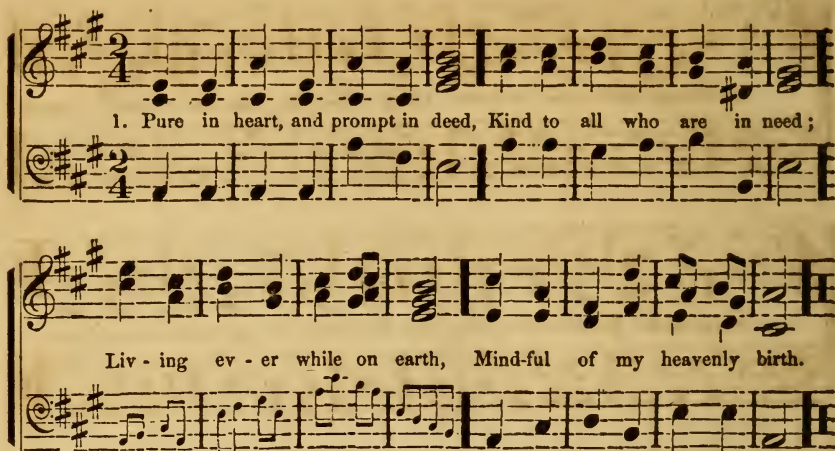
2 Blessed Father, gracious one!
Thou hast sent thy holy Son;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

3 Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever lean on him;
From his precepts wisdom draw,
Make his life my solemn law.

4 Thus in deed, and thought, and word
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die.

5 Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;—
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Father, near.

186.



2

Watchful, mild, obedient ;
Grateful for each blessing lent ;
Loving only what is right
In my heavenly Father's sight ;

3

Doing good to all I see,
As I'd have them do to me :
This my sum of duty here,
Bringing me to heaven more near.

Treasures of Song and Story.

187.

1

Holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be thy glorious name adored !
Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !

2

Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3

There no tongue shall silent be,
All shall join in harmony ;

That, through heaven's capacious round,
Praise to thee may ever sound.

4

Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored !

188. *Parting Hymn.*

1

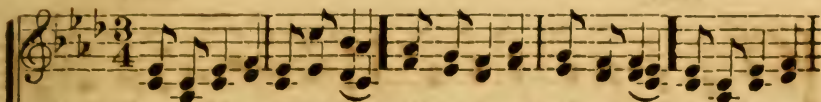
For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart,
Of our ever-present Friend.

2

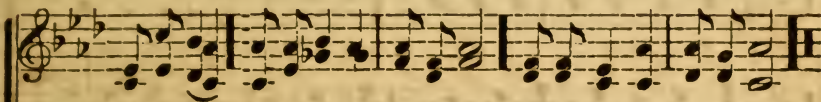
Father, hear our humble prayer !
Tender shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3

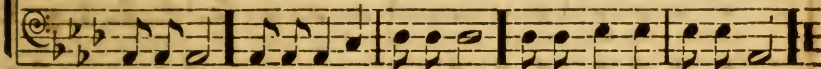
In thy strength may we be strong ;
Sweeten every cross and pain ;
Give us, if we live, ere long,
Here to meet in peace again.



1. Happy children, God is Love! List! the message from above! Jesus' heavenly



words attend, Make him evermore your friend, Make him evermore your friend.



2

With a voice of mercy mild,
He is pleading with thee, child,
"Follow me, the Living Way,
I will be thy guide, thy stay."

3

"Follow me when sin is nigh,
I will bid the tempter fly;
Follow me thro' death's dark night,
And my cross shall give thee light."

4

Then will rise thy visioned youth,
Clothed with an immortal truth,
And thy faith be changed to sight,
In a pure, unfading light.

190. *God in Nature.*

1

In each breeze that wanders free,
And each flower that gems the sod,
Living souls may hear and see,
Freshly uttered words from God.

2

God is present, and doth shine
Through each scene beneath the sky,
Kindling with a light divine,
Every form that meets the eye. [7*]

3

Let us then with searching mind,
Seek a good where'er it springs,
We shall then true wisdom find,
Hidden in familiar things.

191.

1

Pleasant is the Sabbath chime,
Telling us of holy time;
Kind our teachers are to-day,—
In the school we love to stay.

2

But a music sweeter far,
Breathes where angel spirits are,
Higher far than earthly strains,
Where the rest of God remains.

3

Shall we ever rise to dwell
Where immortal praises swell?
And can children ever go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow?

4

Yes, that rest our own may be—
All the good shall Jesus see,
And for them that rest remains,
Where the Lord forever reigns.

192.

1. Lit - tle rain-drops feed the rill, Rills to meet the brooklet glide ; }
 Brooks the broader riv - ers fill, Riv - ers swell the ocean's tide, — }
 While the mightiest na - vies float Lightly o'er its billowy breast.

Ocean,—that with solemn note, Proud - ly rears a foaming crest,

2

So, the dew-drops gathered here,—
 Mites from willing childhood's hand,
 Shall those streams of bounty cheer,
 That with greenness clothe the land ;
 With that sea of love shall blend,
 Which the gospel's grace doth pour,
 And the name of Jesus send
 E'en to earth's remotest shore.

193. 1

Hear ye not a voice from heaven,
 To the list'ning spirit given ?
 " Children, come," it seems to say ;
 " Give your hearts to me to-day."
 Sweet as is a mother's love,
 Tender as the heavenly Dove ;
 Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms,
 Thus it wins us to his arms.

2

Lord, we will remember thee
 While from pains and sorrow free ;
 While our day is in its dew,
 And the cares of life are few

While to thee, O Lord, we come
 In our morning's early bloom,
 Breathe on us thy grace divine,
 Take our hearts and make them thine.

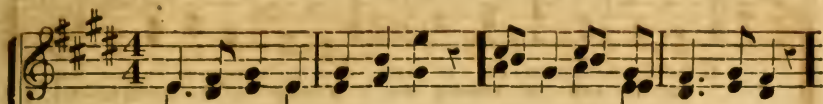
194. 1

Lo ! the lilies of the field !
 How their leaves instruction yield !
 Hark to nature's lesson given
 By the blessed birds of heaven !
 Every bush and tufted tree
 Warbles trust and piety :
 Children, banish doubt and sorrow,—
 God provideth for the morrow.

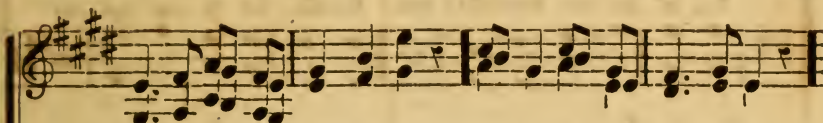
2

One there lives, whose guardian eye
 Guides our earthly destiny ;
 One there lives, who, Lord of all,
 Keeps his children lest they fall :
 Pass we, then, in love and praise,
 Trusting him, through all our days,
 Free from doubt and faithless sorrow,—
 God provideth for the morrow.

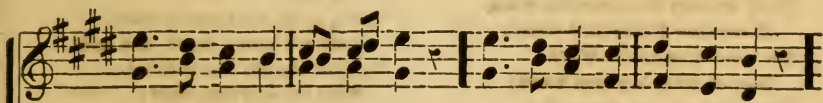
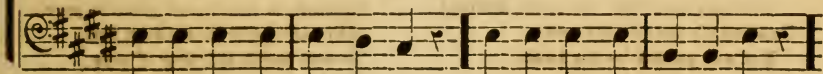
195.



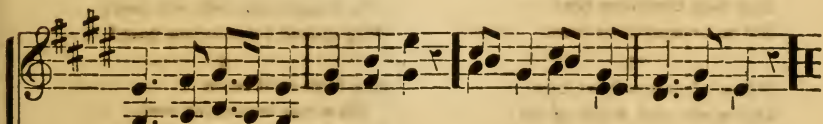
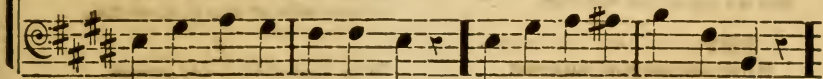
1. Je-sus! take the lit-tle lambs, Wait-ing at thy feet to-day,



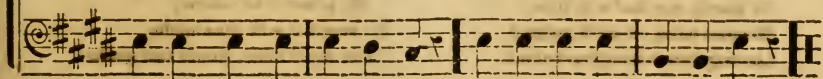
Fold us in thy lov-ing arms, Nev-er, nev-er more to stray.



Let us feel thy gen-tle touch, Grasp thy hand with-in our own,



Knowing it will lead us on, Dai-ly, hour-ly, near-er home.



196. *Subbath Morning.*

1. Safe-ly through an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way ; }
 Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to - day. }

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest !

2

Mercies, multiplied each hour,
 Through our lives, our praise demand ;
 Guarded by thy mighty power,
 Fed and guided by thy hand.
 Yet ungrateful we have been,
 Paying back these gifts with sin.

3

Lord, we pray for pardoning grace,
 In our dear Redeemer's name :
 Sin remove, and in its place
 Give us virtue's purest flame ;
 Thus, from all our sins set free,
 May we rest at last with thee.

3

Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
 Strength to watch, and grace to pray :
 May our lips, from sin kept free,
 Love to speak and sing of thee ;
 Till in heaven we learn to raise
 Hymns of everlasting praise.

198.

1

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,
 Make me loving, meek, and mild
 Upright, simple, free from art ;
 Make me as a little child ;
 From distrust and envy free ;
 Pleased with all that pleaseth thee.

2

What thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive ;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave ;
 'Tis enough that thou wilt care ;
 Why should I the burden bear ?

3

As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own,
 Knows beneath his father's eyes
 He is never left alone ;
 So would I with thee abide,
 Thou my Father, guard and guide !

197.

1

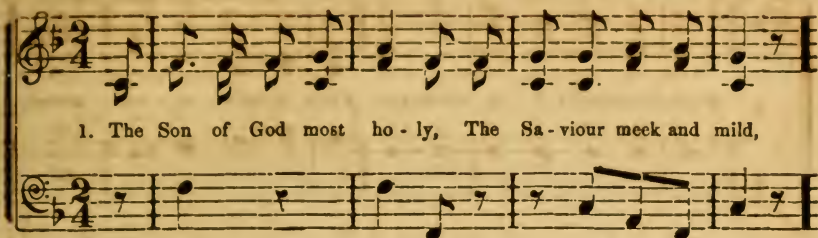
Words are things of little cost,
 Quickly spoken, quickly lost ;
 We forget them, but they stand
 Witnesses at God's right hand,
 And their testimony bear
 For us or against us there.

2

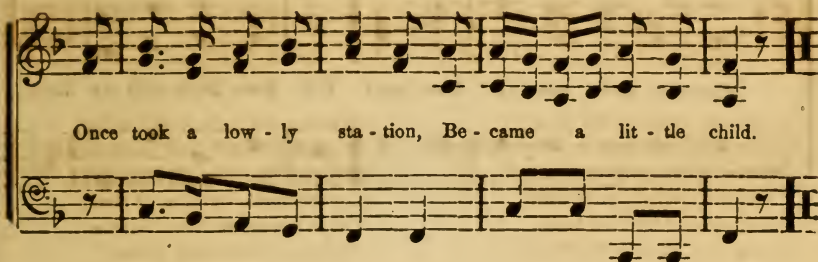
O how often ours have been
 Idle words, and words of sin !
 Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
 Or deceit, our faults to hide,
 Envious tales, or strife unkind,
 Leaving bitter thoughts behind.

199.

"Song Book of the School Room."
By permission.



1. The Son of God most ho - ly, The Sa - viour meek and mild,



Once took a low - ly sta - tion, Be - came a lit - tle child.

2

In infancy a stranger,
How mean was his abode!
His cradle was a manger,
Himself the Son of God,

His heart so pure and holy
With love would ever glow.

3

His earthly parents found him
Submissive day by day,
So meek to all around him,
So ready to obey.

And when his foes assailed him,
He sought but to forgive;
When to the cross they nailed him,
He died that they might live.

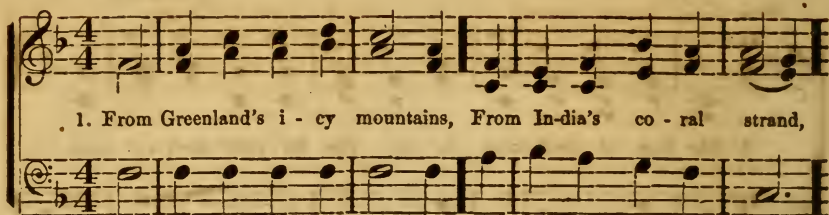
4

No stain of sin or folly
Could ever cloud his brow,

6

This bright example shows us
What duties to fulfil:
Oh let it now arouse us
To learn and do his will.

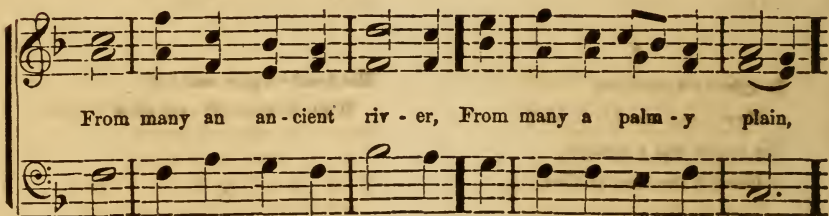
200.



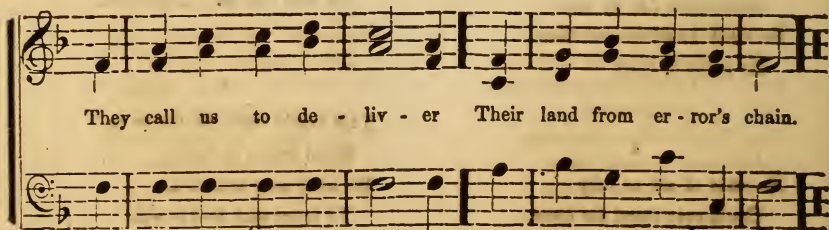
1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In-dia's co - ral strand,



Where Af-ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;



From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

2

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile?
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strewn;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 By wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Shall learn Messiah's name.

HEBER.

3

Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
 When friends are round thy way;
 E'en then the silent breathing
 Thy spirit rais'd above,
 Will reach his throne of glory,
 Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love.

4

Oh! not a joy nor blessing
 With this can we compare,
 The power that he hath given us
 To pour our souls in prayer!
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before his footstool fall,
 Remember, in thy gladness,
 His love who gave thee all.

EDIN. MAG

201. *Prayer.*

1

Go, when the morning shineth,
 Go, when the moon is bright,
 Go, when the eve declineth,
 Go, in the hush of night;
 Go, with pure mind and feeling,
 Fling earthly thought away,
 And, in thy chamber kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.

2

Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee,
 Pray too, for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be;
 Then for thyself in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And link with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer's name.

202. *Early Piety.*

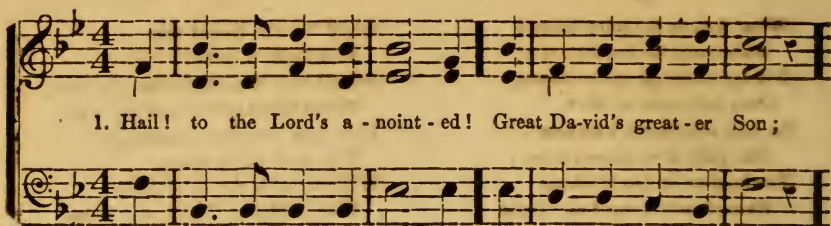
1

Remember thy Creator
 While youth's fair spring is bright
 Before thy cares are greater,
 Before comes age's night;
 While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
 While stars the darkness cheer
 While life is all before thee,
 Thy great Creator fear.

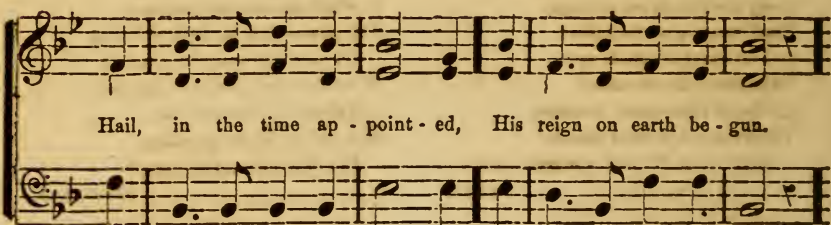
2

Remember thy Creator,
 Before the dust returns
 To earth, its kindred nature,
 And life's last ember burns,—
 Before, with God, who gave it,
 The spirit shall appear,—
 He cries, who died to save it,
 "Thy great Creator fear."

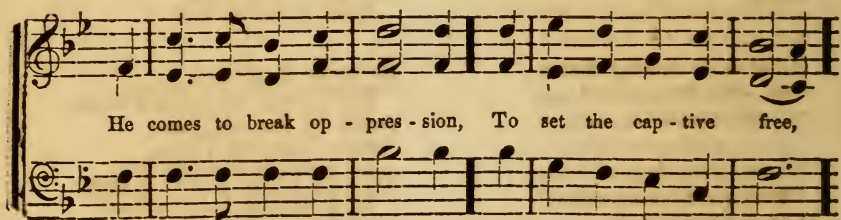
203.



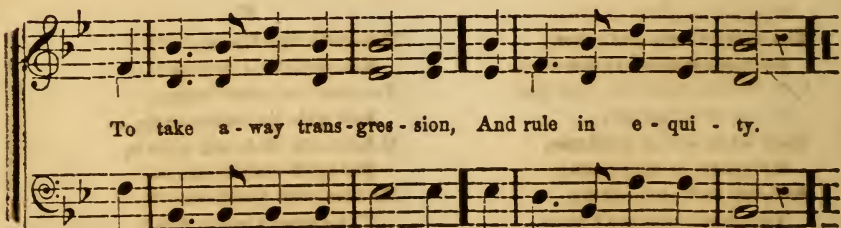
1. Hail! to the Lord's a - noint - ed! Great Da-vid's great - er Son;



Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun.



He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free,



To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.

2

Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall Peace the herald go;
 And righteousness in fountains
 From hill to valley flow.
 For him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end.

3

O'er every foe victorious,
 He on his throne shall rest,
 From age to age more glorious,
 All-blessing and all-blest.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand forever;
 That name to us is—Love!

MONTGOMERY.

204. 1

O God, our Heavenly Father!
 With grateful hearts we come,
 And in devotion gather
 Within this hallowed room:
 And while our feeble voices
 Bear up the hymn to thee,
 Each tender heart rejoices
 In thy benignity.

2

Here may thy blessing greet us,
 On this thy holy day,
 And here our teachers meet us,
 And point the heavenly way,—
 The way of truth and duty,
 Pursued by thy dear Son,—
 The path of light and beauty,
 Heaven's course on earth begun.

3

Here, while we learn his story
 Of meekness, faith, and love,
 Of trials, sufferings, glory,
 And endless joy above,

O Father! here endue us
 With wisdom from on high;
 And, as we need, renew us
 In Christ-like piety.

4

O Father! may thy kindness
 Our gratitude command!
 O, may we ne'er in blindness
 Reject thy proffered hand!
 Thy wisdom, let it guide us
 Along life's devious road;
 Thy love at last provide us
 A rest with thee, O God!

205. 1

We meet again in gladness,
 And thankful voices raise;
 To God our Heavenly Father,
 We tune our grateful praise:
 His own kind hand hath kept us
 Through all the changing year;
 His love it is that brings us
 Again to worship here.

2

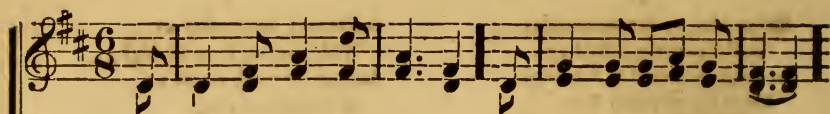
We thank him for the Sabbath,
 This day of holy rest;
 And for the blessed Bible,
 The book the good love best;
 For Sabbath schools and teachers,
 To us in kindness given,
 To guide us in the pathway
 That leads to joys in heaven.

3

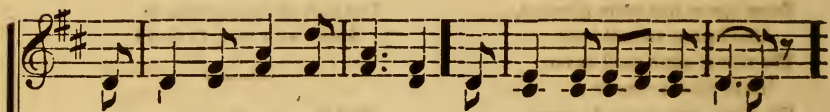
We thank him for our country,
 The land our fathers trod;
 For liberty of conscience,
 And right to worship God.
 O Lord, our Heavenly Father,
 Accept the praise we bring,
 And tune our hearts and voices
 Thy glorious name to sing.

206.

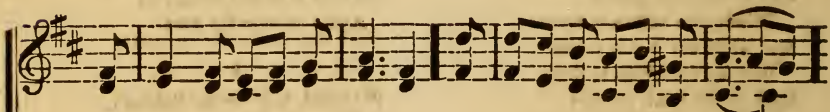
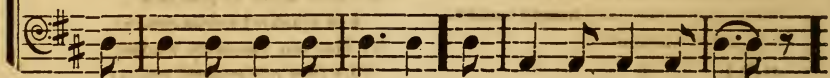
From "Anniversary Hymns and Music."



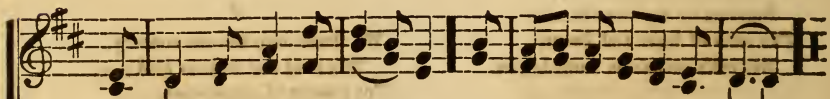
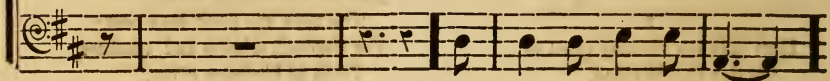
1. We come, O God, with gladness, Our hum-ble thanks to bring ;



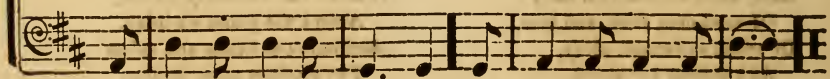
With hearts yet free from sad-ness, Our hymns of praise we sing.



A - long our path are glow-ing The to-kens of thy love ;



Like streams of boun-ty flow-ing, Thy mer-cies from a - bove.



2

Health, peace, and joy attend us,
Kind friends are ever near;
O Father! thou dost send us
Unnumbered blessings here:
And though we, in our blindness,
Enjoy, but disobey,
Yet still, thou, in thy kindness,
Tak'st not thy gifts away.

3

Here, then, in childhood's morning,
Our hymns to thee we raise;
Thy love, our lives adorning,
Shall fill our hearts with praise.
Thy will henceforth for ever
Shall be our only guide;
From duty's path we'd never,
O, never! turn aside.

207. 1

We are the Lambs of Jesus,
And know our Shepherd's voice,
We follow where he leads us,
And in his care rejoice;
For we are young and feeble,
And apt to go astray,
But he is strong and able,
To guide us in the way.

2

We are the Lambs of Jesus,
He calls us by our names;
In meadows green he leads us,
And by the sparkling streams:
And though dread foes surround us,
His eye doth never sleep,
No evil can come nigh us,
While close to him we keep.

4

We are the Lambs of Jesus,
Bound for those mansions fair,
That he has gone before us,
In glory to prepare.
And when he waiteth for us,
With arms outstretched to bless,
There, folded to his bosom,
We shall forever rest.

208. 1

We come with happy greeting
And cheerful hearts to-day,
Within the temple meeting,
Our grateful thanks to pay.
To ask God's kind protection,
We, too, would gather here
To seek his wise direction,
Upon the opening year.

2

Oh! that its hours may never
Be lost, or spent in sin,
But find us striving ever
Eternal life to win.
Then, when the soul immortal
Shall leave the things of time,
Brightly, at Heaven's fair portal,
Shall dawn the life sublime.

Original

To Thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings,
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

209.

1. Go thou, in life's fair morn-ing, Go in the bloom of

youth—And buy, for thine a - dorn - ing, The precious pearl of truth:

Se-cure this heavenly treas - ure, And bind it on thy heart;

And let not worldly pleas - ure E'er cause it to de - part.

2

Go, while the day-star shineth;
 Go, while thy heart is light;
 Go, ere thy strength declineth,
 While every sense is bright:
 Sell all thou hast, and buy it;
 'T is worth all earthly things—
 Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
 Sceptres, and crowns of kings.

3

Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
 Steal o'er the bloom of youth;
 Defer not till to-morrow:
 Go now, and buy the truth.
 Go seek thy great Creator,
 Learn early to be wise:
 Go, place upon his altar
 A morning sacrifice!

210.

1

The season's happy voices,
From forest, field and flood,
Now when the earth rejoices,
With spring's awakening good,—
From lowland, hill and river,
Go up in songs of praise;
And ours, to life's great Giver,
In unison we raise.

2

The Bible he has given,—
Its promises and peace,—
Its pure and perfect heaven,
Where sorrowing shall cease;
For all that makes our being
Worth having here below,
To Him, the one All-seeing,
Our full hearts overflow.

3

Delight we here to gather,
From all our quiet homes,
To learn thy will, our Father,
From whom all wisdom comes.
To drink the blessed spirit
Of Jesus, thy dear Son,
That so we may inherit
The kingdom he has won.

DR. E. BARTLETT.

211.

1

The seraphs bright are hovering
Around the throne above,
Their harps are ever tuning
To thrilling tones of love.
Or through the azures soaring,
Or poised on snowy wing,
With glowing hearts adoring,
Sweet choral notes they sing.

2

From earth is daily rising
A rich, harmonious song,

[8*]

From sunny, perfumed flowers
By breezes borne along.
From hills in sunlight glittering,
From smooth, deep emerald seas,
A cloud of praise is rising
Like incense on the breeze.

3

And childhood's voice is chanting
A full, harmonious song,
When morning light is breaking,
Or evening sweeps along.
For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosanna raise.

212.

1

How beauteous in life's morning,
In days of joyous youth;
To witness in its dawning
The heavenly gleam of truth:
For then bright sunny visions,
Dance blithely o'er the heart,
Earth in its wide dimensions,
No lovelier sight imparts.

2

With joy we greet the hour,
Which bids us all to meet,
To own our Father's power,
And fall at Jesus' feet.
And e'en if sorrow's vesture
O'er our young spirits lies,
Our faith will pierce the shadow,
And point to cloudless skies.

3

O Thou who art the giver
Of all we claim below,
Whose throne must stand forever,
When earth's proud realm lies low;
O! aid the Sabbath Teacher,
And bless the Sabbath School,
Till all shall reach that mansion,
Where endless love shall rule

213.

From "School Vocalist."
By permission.

1. As - - sembled in the morning At this our Sun - day

School, We would, our faith a - dorn - ing, Ob - serve this sa - "cred

rule:- That as our God's a spir - it, Our spirits should a - -

- - dore; That we may now in - her - it The blessing we im - plore.

2

Humbly our sins confessing
With penitential tear,
Father ! we seek thy blessing
On this our meeting here :
O, may all those who teach us,
Be taught of thee above,
That they with power may reach us,
The power of faith and love.

3

Preserve us from temptation,
From idle words and play ;
And let thine approbation
Attend us through the day ;
O, like the blessed Saviour,
May we obey thy truth,
And thus grow up in favor
With God and man from youth !

214. *Opening Hymn.*

1

O God, our Heavenly Father !
With grateful hearts we come,
And in devotion gather
Within this hallowed room ;
And while our feeble voices
Bear up the hymn to thee,
Each tender heart rejoices
In thy benignity.

2

Here may thy blessing greet us,
On this thy holy day,
And here our teachers meet us,
And point the heavenly way,—
The way of truth and duty,
Pursued by thy dear Son,—
The path of light and beauty,
Heaven's course on earth begun.

3

Here, while we learn his story
Of meekness, faith, and love,
Of trials, sufferings, glory,
And endless joy above ;
O Father ! here endue us
With wisdom from on high ;
And, as we need, renew us
In Christ-like piety.

215.

1

We bring no glittering treasures
No gems from earth's dark mine
We come, with simple measures,
To chant thy love divine ;
Children, thy favors sharing,
Their voice of thanks we raise ;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2

The dearest gift of heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth ;
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary ;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3

Redeemer ! grant thy blessing,
O teach us how to pray ;
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way ;
There where the pure are dwelling,
We hope to meet again,
And sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy name.

216.

1. As - sem-bled in the morning, At this our Sun - day School,

We would, our faith a - dorn - ing, Ob - serve this sa - cred rule—

That, as our God's a Spir - it, Our spir - its should a - dore;

That we may thus in - her - it The blessings we im - plore.

2

And first, our sins confessing,
 With penitential tear,
 We'd supplicate a blessing
 On this our meeting here:
 And then for those who teach us
 Pure light from Thee above,
 That they with power may reach us,—
 The power of holy love.

3

Preserve us from temptation;
 From idle words and play;
 And let thine approbation
 Attend us every day.
 O, may we give our parents
 Obedience from the heart;
 Be kind to our companions,
 And love to all impart.

4

O, grant thy special favor,
 That we may know thy truth,
 And imitate the SAVIOUR,
 In age as well as youth;
 So when we reach the valley
 That leads us down to death,
 In thee our trust reposing,
 Yield up in hope our breath.

L. G. PRAY.

217.

1

Have faith in man, thy brother,
 The heavenly Father's child;
 And ever in thy judgment
 Be merciful and mild.

Have love for man, thy brother,
 Though lowly be his lot,
 For by the Almighty Father
 He never is forgot.

2

Forgive thine erring brother,
 As God forgiveth thee;
 And bear with all his failings
 In patient charity.
 Deal gently with the fallen;
 And do not thou forget,
 However he has wandered,
 He is thy brother yet.

218.

1

The eastern hills are glowing
 With morning's purple ray;
 Arrayed in light, he's coming,
 The glorious orb of day.
 All hail! thou constant emblem
 Of Him who dwells above,—
 Of Him so great and glorious,
 And yet so full of love!

2

How nature now rejoices,
 With life and beauty new!
 On every grass-blade twinkles
 The pearly drop of dew.
 How good is He who made thee,
 Thou glorious orb of day!
 With grateful hearts we'll praise him
 In morning's earliest ray.

219. *Sabbath Morning.*

1. Welcome, wel-come, qui-et morn-ing, Welcome is this ho-ly day;
Now the Sabbath morn re-turning, Says a week has pass'd away.

2

Let me think how time is passing—
Soon the longest life departs;
Nothing human is abiding,
Save the love of humble hearts.

3

Love to God, and to our neighbor,
Makes our purest happiness;
Vain the wish, the care, the labor,
Earth's poor trifles to possess.

4

Swift my life's vain dreams are passing,
Like the startled dove they fly,
Or the clouds each other chasing,
Over yonder quiet sky.

5

Father, now one prayer I raise thee;
Give an humble, grateful heart;
Never let me cease to praise thee,
Never from thy fear depart.

6

Then, when years have gather'd o'er me,
And the world is sunk in shade,
Heaven's bright realm will rise before me:
There my treasure will be laid.

220.

1

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation,
In our hearts and lives abound.

3

Make us gentle, kind and lowly;
Teach us, Father, by thy word,
How we may be good and holy,
Like to Jesus Christ our Lord.

221.

1

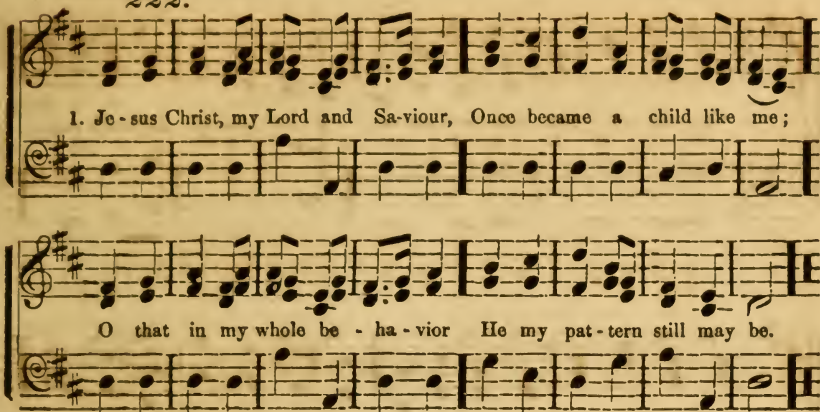
May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

NEWTON.

222.



2

If my feelings are not holy,
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

3

While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess,—
He was always self-denying,
Patient in his worst distress.

4

Lord, assist a feeble creature,
Guide me by thy word of truth;
Condescend to be my teacher
Through my childhood and my youth.

223.

1

Lord, who lovest little children,
Unto thee we come to-day,
Raise our voices in thanksgiving
While we bend the knee to pray.

2

Through another week, thou'st kept us
Safely, free from every ill,
Fit us, while on earth we linger,
Thy commandments to fulfil.

3

Though we are but feeble children,
Jesus calls us by his love,
Bidding us prepare to meet him,
At the throne of God above.

4

There in robes of spotless whiteness,
With our golden harps in hand,
Sweet will sound the song of gladness,
Coming from our angel band.

Sabbath Chimes

224.

1

Jesus blessed the little children,
And he loves to hear them pray,
Once, he pressed them to his bosom,
May his grace be here to-day.

2

May his Spirit guide our teachers,
May it fill our parents dear;
May it bless the little children,
May it dry up every tear.

3

Then, when life's great work is ended,
And the Father bide us come
To the place of his ascended,
May we meet in that bright home.

225.

From Root's "Flower Queen."

1. "Lit - tle chil - dren, love each oth - er," Is the bless - ed Saviour's rule;

The first system of the song is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with dotted half notes and quarter notes.

Eve - ry lit - tle one is brother To his playmates while at school.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a more active melody with eighth notes and some accidentals (sharps and naturals). The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

We're all chil - dren of one Father, The great God, who reigns above;

The third system shows the continuation of the musical piece. The treble staff has a melodic line with some triplets indicated by a '3' over a group of notes. The bass staff maintains the harmonic support.

Shall we quar - rel?—no; much rather Would we be like him—all love.

The final system of the page concludes the musical phrase. The treble staff ends with a half note and a bar line. The bass staff also concludes with a half note and a bar line.

2

He has placed us here together,
That we may be good and kind :
He is ever watching, whether
We are of one heart and mind.
Which is stronger than the other ?
He must be the weak one's friend ;
Who's more playthings than his brother !
He'll delight to give and lend.

3

Selfish children's bad behavior
Shows they love themselves alone ;
But the children of a Saviour
Say not anything's their own.
All they have they share with others,
Give kind looks and gentle words :
Thus they live like happy brothers,
And are known to be the Lord's.

226. 1

" Let them come, the little children,
To my fold and to my breast,"
Said the gentle, loving Saviour,
As the children round him pressed.
May we come, all false and sinning,
With our passions all aglow ?
Did he welcome *thus* the children ?
Would he meet and bless *us* so ?

2

He can help us in our passion,—
Teach us how to turn away
From the power of each temptation,
That would lead our lives astray.

But to have his smile and favor,—
To be called the Saviour's own,
We must all be true and tender,
Seeking, loving good alone.

3

Help us, help us, gentle Jesus !
We are very weak and small ;
Stand between us and the evil ;
Guide us through and over all.
We will struggle daily, hourly,
That we may by thee be blest :
To thy fold O let us enter !
Take us to thy loving breast. A. S.

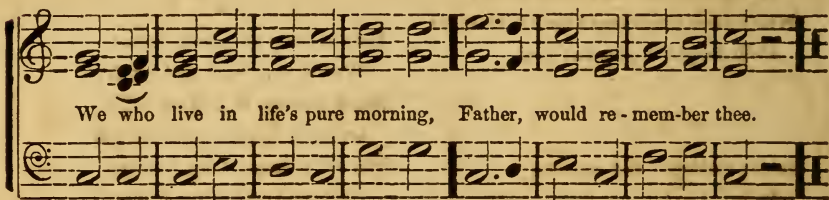
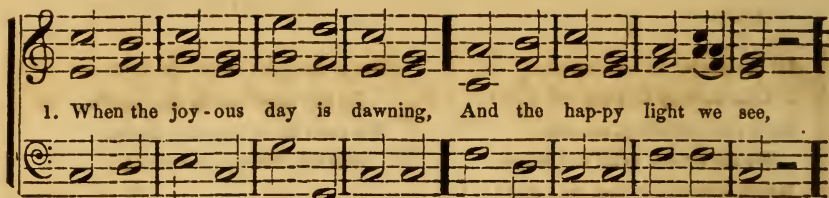
227. 1

List, the Shepherd now is calling,
Let us hearken to his voice ;
He will keep the weak from falling,
He will bid the strong rejoice.
Kindly, gently, he will lead us
Where the living waters flow,
With celestial manna feed us,
And his holy rest bestow.

2

Never, though the way be dreary,
Let us wander from his side ;
We will lean on him when weary,
Trust him, whatsoe'er betide.
Shepherd, Saviour, love so tender
Never shall rejected be ;
Joyfully we would surrender
All our grateful hearts to thee.

228.



2

While in quiet we were sleeping,
Kindly, though we knew it not,
Thou a guardian watch wert keeping;
Never is thy child forgot.

3

Now another day is given,
With thy love may it be blest;
May we think of thee and heaven,
Of that purer, better rest.

229. *Praise ye the Lord.*

1

Praise the Lord, when blushing morning
Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew!
When the world, again created,
Beams with beauties fair and new!

2

Praise the Lord, when early breezes
Come so fragrant with the flowers!
Praise, thou willow by the brookside!
Praise, ye birds among the bowers!

3

Praise the Lord! and may his blessing
Guide us in the way of truth,
Keep our feet from paths of error,
Make us holy in our youth.

4

Praise the Lord, ye hosts of heaven!
Angels, sing your sweetest lays!
Children, utter forth his glory!
Sound your great Creator's praise!

230. 1

Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him all ye stars of light!

2

Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4

Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name!

231.



1. Lo! the day of rest de - clin - eth; Gath - er
fast the shades of night, May the sun that
ev - er shin - eth, Fill our souls with heaven - ly light.

2

Softly now the dew is falling;
Peace o'er all the scene is spread;
On his children meekly calling
Purer influence God will shed.

3

While thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing;
Father, give thine evening blessing;
Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

232.

1

Peaceful be thy silent slumber!
Peaceful in the grave so low!
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our song shalt know.

2

Loved companion! thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,—
He can all our sorrows heal.

3

Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;

Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

233.

1

One sweet flower has drooped and faded,
One sweet warbler hence has fled;
One fair brow the grave has shaded,
One dear schoolmate now is dead.

2

She has gone to heaven before us;
But she turns and waves her hand,
Pointing to the glories o'er us,
In that happy spirit-land.

3

May our footsteps never falter
In the path that she has trod;
Let us worship at the altar
Where she gave her heart to God.

4

Lord! may angels watch above us,
Keep us all from error free;
May they guard, and guide, and love us,
Till, like her, we go to thee.

234.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - - cel-ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down!

Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faith-ful mercies crown.

Father! thou art all com-pression, Pure, un - bound - ed love thou art;

Vis - it us with thy sal - va-tion, En-ter eve-ry longing heart

1

Breathe, O, breathe thy loving spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest.
 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive;
 Graciously come down, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave!

2

Ever thus, in God's high praises,
 Children, let our tongues unite,
 Whilst our thoughts his greatness raise,
 And our love his gifts excite.
 With his seraph train before him,
 With his holy church below,
 Thus unite we to adore him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow:—

235.

1

Hark! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?
 Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
 Listen to the wondrous story
 Which they chant in hymns of joy:
 "Glory in the highest, glory!
 Glory be to God most high!"

2

"Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found.
 Souls redeemed and sins forgiven;—
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
 Christ is born, the great Anointed!
 Heaven and earth his praises sing!
 O, receive whom God appointed
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King!"

236.

1

Bright the vision that delighted
 Once the sight of Judah's seer;
 Sweet the countless tongues united
 To entrance the prophet's ear.
 Round the Lord in glory seated,
 Cherubim and seraphim
 Filled his temple, and repeated
 Each to each the alternate hymn.

9*

3

"Lord! thy glory fills the heaven;
 Earth is with its fulness stored;
 Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
 Thus thy glorious name confessing,
 We adopt the angels' cry,
 'Holy, holy, holy,' blessing
 Thee, the Lord of Hosts, Most High!"

237.

1

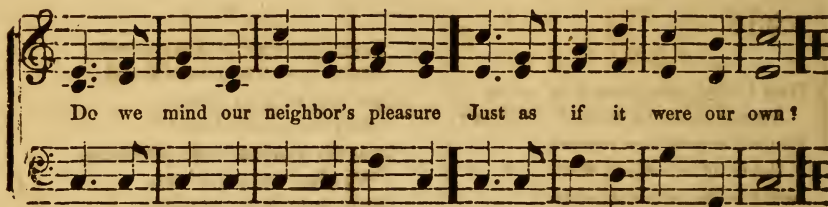
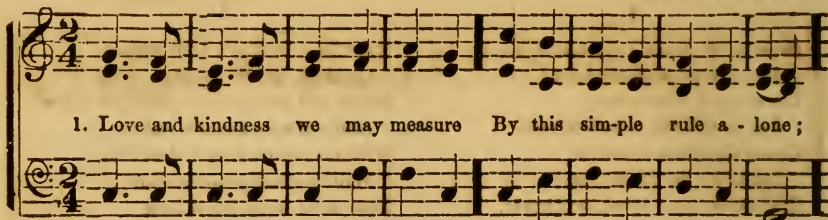
God is love; his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we move;
 Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
 Chance and change are busy ever
 Man decays, and ages move,
 But his mercy waneth never;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

2

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will his changeless goodness prove:
 From the gloom his brightness streameth
 God is wisdom, God is love.
 He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above;
 Everywhere his glory shineth:
 God is wisdom, God is love.

238.

Melody by H. BIRD.



2

We should always care for others,
Nor suppose ourselves the best:
Let us love like friends and brothers:
'Twas the Saviour's last request.

3

Waking every morn to duty,
Ere its hours shall pass away,
Let some act of love or service
Mark it as a holy day.

3

His example we should borrow,
Who descended from above,
And endured such pain and sorrow
Out of tenderness and love.

4

Work! our Father worketh ever!
He who works not cannot play:
Work for use, or work for beauty,
So sweet rest shall crown each day.

239. 1

Life is not a fleeting shadow,
Or a wave upon the beach;
Though our days be swift, yet lasting
Is the stamp we give to each.

2

Life is ours for faithful labor,
Of the hand, or of the thought;
Every hour and every moment
Is with living meaning fraught.

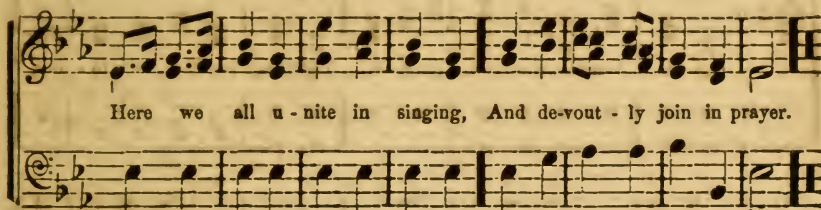
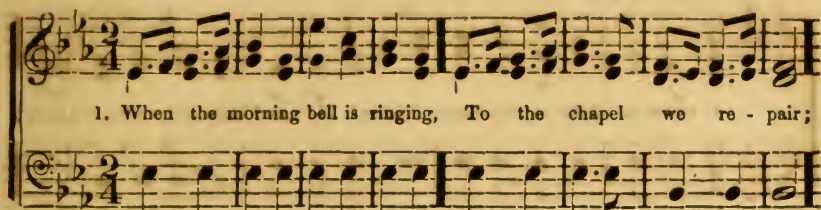
240. 1

O my good and gracious Maker!
May I love thee as I ought!
Let me, by thy loving guidance,
Into all good ways be brought.

2

Make me love my Lord and Saviour,
Who so much hath loved me;
And, when life on earth is ended,
Let me live with him and thee.

241.

From the "Sunday School Singing Book."
By permission.

2

While in harmony our voices
Are ascending to our God,
Every grateful heart rejoices
Thus to spread his praise abroad.

3

In the duties now before us
Let us faithfully engage;
Spirit of all truth! be o'er us,
As we search the sacred page.

4

May the lessons Christ has taught us,
All our minds and hearts improve;
And the blessings he has brought us
Wake a strong and holy love.

5

Thankful for the kind protection
Which has blessed us through the week,

Still imploring thy direction,
While we heavenly wisdom seek,

6

Father! thus, in pure devotion,
Every thought inspired by love,
Gratitude in each emotion,
Would we lift our souls above.

242. 1

Father! grant us now thy blessing,
Smile upon us from above;
Let us all, pure hearts possessing,
Fill our lives with deeds of love.

2

Make us gentle, kind, and lowly;
Teach us, Father, by thy word,
How we may be good and holy,
Like to Jesus Christ our Lord.

243.

From a Greek Melody.

1. Gracious God, our heavenly Father! Meet and bless our school, we pray ;

As in humble trust we gath - er, Teachers, scholars, here to - day.

Eve - ry joy, and eve - ry bless - ing, From thy bounteous hand we own ;

May thy love, our souls pos - sess - ing, Draw us near - er to thy throne.

- 2 Weak, imperfect, tempted, erring,
 From thy precepts, Lord, we stray ;
 Let thy spirit, from our wandering,
 Bring us back to virtue's way.
 Humble, penitent, confiding,
 May we rest our hope in thee ;
 In thy favor, Lord, abiding,
 In thy peace and purity.

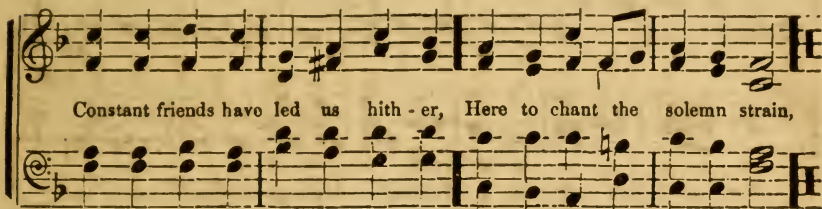
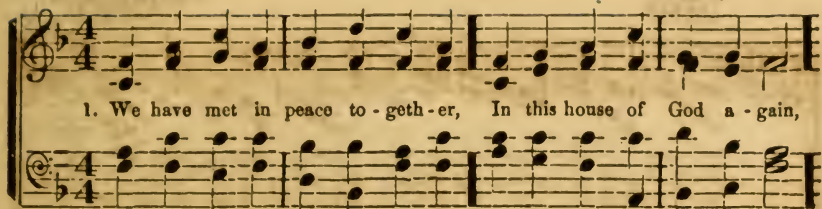
As we search the sacred page.
 May the lessons Christ has taught us,
 All our minds and hearts improve ;
 And the blessings he has brought us
 Wake a strong and holy love.

- 2 Thankful for the kind protection
 Which has blessed us through the weak,
 Still imploring thy direction,
 While we heavenly wisdom seek,
 Father! thus, in pure devotion,
 Every thought inspired by love,
 Gratitude in each emotion,
 Would we lift our souls above.

244.

- 1 In the duties now before us,
 Let us faithfully engage ;
 Spirit of all truth! be o'er us,

245.

"Cornhill Harp."
F. A. B.

- 2 We have met, but time is flying ;
We shall part, but still his wing,
Sweeping o'er the dead and dying,
Will the changeful seasons bring.
- 3 Let us, while our hearts are lightest,
In our fresh and early years,
Turn to him whose smile is brightest,
And whose love will calm our fears.
- 4 Then with glory never ending,
We our Saviour's face shall see,
And shall hear him gently saying,
"Little children, come to me."

246.

- 1 Lord, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing of thee ;
Thou art great, and high, and holy ;
O how solemn we should be.
- 2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where he is gone ;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.
- 3 Heavenly Father, thou hast told us
What thou'd have us be and do ;

Thou dost evermore behold us,
And dost search us through and through.

- 4 May our sins be all forgiven,
Make us fear what'e'r is wrong ;
Lead us in the way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

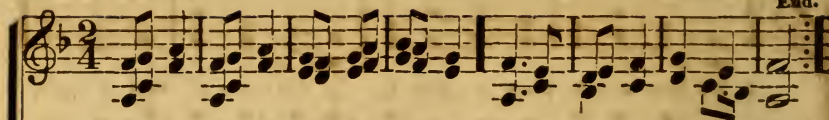
247.

- 1 Let thy Spirit, Lord, descending,
Rest upon each youthful heart ;
May his grace our steps attending,
Heavenly life and love impart.
- 2 Let thy presence go before us,
Through this wilderness of sin !
Spread thy sheltering pinions o'er us,
Light the lamp of truth within.
- 3 O thou good and gracious Father !
We would thy protection claim ;
O thou gentle Shepherd, gather
With thine arm each little lamb.
- 4 Feed us in thy verdant meadows,
Lead us by thy quiet streams,
Till beyond the vale of shadows,
Heaven's unclouded glory beams.

248.

"Temple Melodies."
By permission.

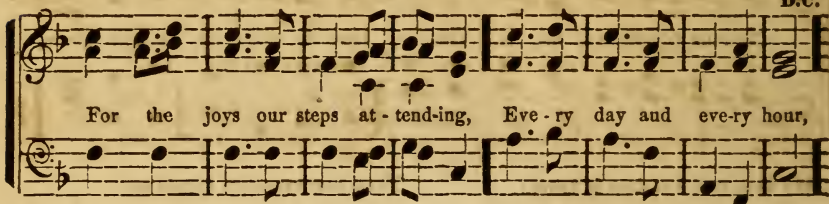
End.



1. Fa-ther, for this peaceful morning, For thy care throughout the night, }
For the beau-ty earth a - dorn-ing, For the soft and cheering light, }
For the pleasures nev - er end-ing, We would thank thy love and power.



D.C.



For the joys our steps at - tend-ing, Eve - ry day and eve-ry hour,

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 For the parents watching o'er us,
For the friends to us so dear,
For the teachers now before us,
Father, we would thank thee here ;
For the precious lessons brought us,
In the Gospel's holy page,
For the Heavenly Friend who taught us
Thee to serve in youth and age.</p> | <p>2 Not alone to weeping Mary,
Prostrate by the empty tomb,
Speaks the tender voice of Jesus—
Where'er hovers earthly gloom,
Where'er human hearts are aching,
Lone in grief or low in sin,
There those thrilling tones are pleading,
If the soul will take them in.</p> |
| <p>3 While thy throne of grace addressing,
We thy children, own thy love,
Gracious Father, let thy blessing
Rest upon us from above.
May our errors be forgiven ;
May each heart thy temple be ;
May we rest at last in heaven,
From all sin and sorrow free.</p> | <p>3 Not alone to sorrowing women,
Not alone to stricken men,
Come the risen Saviour's accents,
Bringing light and joy again ;
To the weary little children,
Worn with toil or tired with play,
To the tempted little children,
Wandering from the heavenly way.</p> |

249.

"Mary!" said the risen Jesus,
In the morning twilight dim—
Through the shadows and the weeping
Mary knew and knelt to him ;
Gone that long night's hopeless anguish,
Gone the waking hour's fresh pain ;
All her soul one gush of gladness,
Clasping those dear feet again.

- 4 To the orphan, to the homeless,
By the dearest household name
Speaks the loving, living Saviour,
With affection still the same.
Know and kneel in love before him,
Little children, sad or gay ;
To a purer life he calls you,
Dawning with this Easter-Day.

250.

1. Gracious God, our Heav'nly Father, Meet and bless our school, we pray;

As in hum-ble trust we gather, Teachers, schol-ars, here to - day.

2

Every joy, and every blessing,
From thy bounteous hand we own:
May thy love, our souls possessing,
Draw us nearer to thy throne.

3

Weak, imperfect, tempted, erring,
From thy precepts, Lord, we stray;
Let thy spirit, from our wandering,
Bring us back to virtue's way.

4

Humble, penitent, confiding,
May we rest our hope in thee;
In thy favor, Lord, abiding,
In thy peace and purity.

5

So, by faith and love perfected
Unto every Christian grace,
In our lives the life reflected
Of our Saviour may we trace.

6

Here our joys and duties blending
With thy service on our way,
Till, from earth to heaven ascending,
Dawns on us the perfect day.

251. *God the Creator.*

1

Mighty God! while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name!

Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.

2

Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise:

3

For the grandeur of thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power—
Works with skill and kindness wrought

4

For thy providence that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,—
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

252.

1

Heavenly Father! grant thy blessing
On the teaching of this day;
That our hearts, thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turned away.

2

Have we wandered? O, forgive us!
Have we wished from truth to r-ve?
Turn, O, turn us, and receive us,
And incline us truth to love!

253.

"S. S. Minstrel," by permission.

1. Once was heard the song of children, By the Sa - viour when on earth ; }
 Joy - ful in the sa - cred temple, Shouts of youthful praise had birth, }

And Ho-san-nas, And Ho-san-nas, Loud to Da - vid's Son broke forth.

- 2 O, though humble is our offering,
 Deign accept our grateful lays—
 These from children once proceeding,
 Thou didst deem "perfected praise."
 Now Hosannas,
 Saviour, Lord, to thee we raise.

To our blessed spirit-home :
 Gently passing
 To the happy spirit-home.

254.

- 1 God has said—"For ever blessed
 Those who seek me in their youth—
 They shall find the path of wisdom,
 And the narrow way of truth :"
 Guide us, Father,
 In the narrow way of truth.
- 2 Be our strength, when we are weakness ;
 Be our wisdom and our guide ;
 May we walk in love and meekness,
 Nearer to our Father's side :
 Naught can harm us,
 While we thus in thee abide.
- 3 Then, when evening shades shall gather,
 Shall our faithful footsteps come
 To the dwelling of our Father,

255.

- 1 In our childhood's morning, Father,
 While the world is bright and fair,
 We would in thy temple gather,
 Find our truest pleasures there,
 Seek thy blessing,
 Ask thy guardian love and care.
- 2 Fain would we upon thy altar
 Lay the hearts that should be thine,
 But our feeble footsteps falter—
 Guide us by thy light divine,
 Shine around us,
 Sun of Righteousness ! O shine.
- 3 Shield us in temptation's trial,
 Be our strength when we are weak,
 Aid us in each self-denial,
 Make us loving, truthful, meek,
 And thy glory
 May our daily conduct speak.

256.

Arranged for Music,
by S. S. WARDWELL.

1. Chil - dren hear, for God hath spo - ken, 'Tis the God that
reigns on high; He whose law the world hath bro - ken,
Sends you ti - dings of great joy. Hear his mes - sage,
Hear his mes - sage, Children hear it, lest you die.

- 2 Hear the gospel, children, hear it,
Joyful news from heaven it brings;
Here's a fountain—O draw near it!—
Opened by the King of kings;
Living water
Thence in streams eternal springs.
- 3 Children hear, why will you perish?
Death to life, O why prefer?
Why your vain delusions cherish?
Why from truth persist to err?
Wisdom calls you,
Happy they who learn of her.

And thy ever gracious presence
Bless us all our journey through;
May we ever
Keep the end of life in view.

- 2 Young in years,—we need the wisdom
Which can only come from thee;
In the morn of our existence
Let us thy salvation see,—
Changed in spirit,
Then shall we thy children be.

- 3 When temptations shall assail us,
When we falter by the way,
Let thine arm of strength defend us,
Saviour hear us when we pray:
Thou art mighty,
Be thou then our rock and stay.

257.

- 1 Father, let thy benediction,
Gently falling as the dew,

258.

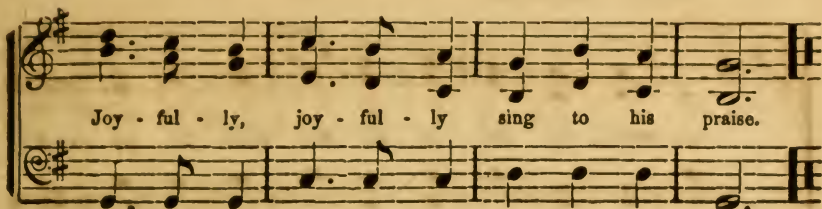
From the "Oriola," by permission.

1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, come we to bring Anthems of
Bless - ing and thanks to our Fa - ther be - long, Joy - ful - ly,

praise to our Mak - er and King; } What though our voic - es are
joy - ful - ly, join in the song. }

fee - ble and weak? Bend - ing from heav - en, he hears when we

speak; Sweet the child's wor - ship as an - gels' glad lays,



2

Parents and home to his kindness we owe,
 Raiment and food does his bounty bestow,
 Happiness, health, are the gifts of his love,
 Joyfully lift the glad chorus above.
 Best of all blessings, he gives us his Son,
 Leader and Guide till the victory is won,
 Till in the land of the blest we shall sing,
 Joyfully, joyfully, "praise to our King."

259. *Easter.*

1

Joyfully, joyfully lift the glad voice,
 Jesus has risen! ye children, rejoice!
 Scatt'ring the clouds of the grave's cheerless night,
 Sun of our souls! now he beams on our sight.
 Vanish at once all the doubt and the fear;
 Jesus has passed through the valley so drear;
 Light from his presence illumines the way,
 Joyfully, joyfully sing we to-day.

2

We, like our Saviour, o'er death may prevail;
 He is our guardian, our strength shall not fail;
 We, too, may triumph o'er sorrow and pain,
 Rising with him in his glory to reign.
 Hail then, the morn of this glorious day!
 Angels and spirits are joining our lay;
 Jesus has risen! he lives evermore!
 Joyfully, joyfully sing and adore!

260. *Praise to God.*

Arranged from WOLF.

1. Ap - proach not the al - tar with gloom in thy soul,

The first system of music is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5, then a half note D5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

Nor let thy feet fal - ter from ter - ror's con - trol;

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a quarter note D5, followed by quarter notes C5, Bb4, and A4, then a half note G4. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

God loves not the sad - ness of fear and mis - trust;

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5, then a half note D5. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

O, serve him with gladness,—the Lov - ing and Just.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The vocal line has a quarter note D5, followed by quarter notes C5, Bb4, and A4, then a half note G4. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern and ends with a final chord.

2

His bounty is tender, his being is love;
His smile fills with splendor the blue arch above;
Confiding, believing, O, enter always
His courts with thanksgiving, his portals with praise!

3

Come not to his temple with pride in thy mien,
But lowly and simple, in courage serene;
Bring meekly before him the faith of a child,
Bow down and adore him with heart undefiled:

MRS. OSGOOD.

261.

1

To Zion, of old Christ triumphantly rode,
While children his pathway with palm branches strewed,
With anthems the courts of the proud temple rung,
As pealing hosannas they joyfully sung.

2

No palms to the altar can children now bring,
Far purer their gifts to their Father and King;—
Glad hearts that his love has continued to bless,
Which break forth in singing their thanks to express.

3

Oh! draw us to thee in the dawn of our days,
Guide faltering feet that are seeking thy ways,
Oh! lead us, thou Fountain of light and of love!
To serve thee on earth, and to see thee above.

262.

1

How dear is the thought that the angels of God
May bow their bright wings to the world they once trod;
Will leave the sweet songs of the mansions above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love!

2

They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
Some sinner to save from his darkened abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

3

They come when we wander, they come when we pray,
In mercy to guard us wherever we stray;
A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given;
Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.

J. H. PERKINS.

263.

1. Acquaint yourselves ear-ly, dear children, with God, And joy, like the

sun-shine, shall beam on your road; And peace, like the dew-drop, shall

fall on your head, And sleep, like an an - gel, shall

vis - it your bed, And sleep, like an an - gel, shall vis - it your bed.

2

Acquaint yourselves early, dear children, with God,
And he shall be with you when fears are abroad ;
Your safeguard in dangers that threaten your path,
Your joy in the valley and shadow of death.

264.

1

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know ;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest ;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppress.

2

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay ;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3

In the midst of affliction my table is spread ;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head ;
O, what shall I ask of thy providence more ?

4

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above ;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Thro' the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love. MONTGOMERY.

265.

1

How sweet is the Sabbath, the season of rest,
The day of the week which we surely love best !
This morning our Saviour arose from the tomb,
And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.

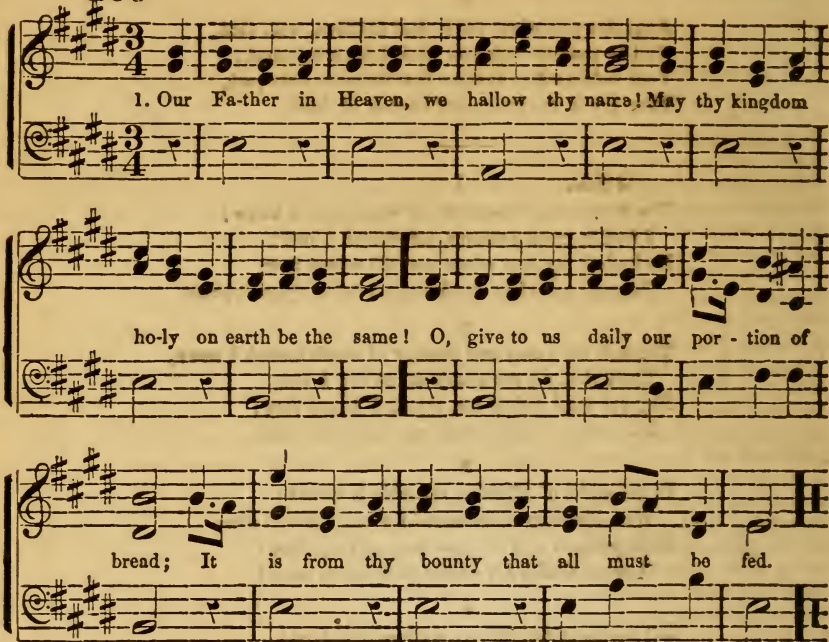
2

O, let us be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
And not spend a moment in trifling or play !
Remembering the Sabbath was graciously given,
To draw us from earth, and prepare us for heaven.

3

Behold us, our Father ! though children we be,
We are not too young to be noticed by thee ;
Be our guardian and guide, through life's early days,
Let us give thee our hearts, and live to thy praise.

266.



1. Our Fa-ther in Heaven, we hallow thy name! May thy kingdom
ho-ly on earth be the same! O, give to us daily our por-tion of
bread; It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

- 2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know
That humble compassion that pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory, forever, Amen.

267.

- 1 Sweet days of our childhood! how swiftly they fly,
All bright with the hues of spring-blossoms and sky;
All rich with the means our dear Father has given
To fit us for life on his earth, in his heaven.
- 2 Dear friends of our childhood! so kindly and true,
What language can utter the gratitude due
For counsel that guides us, for care that ne'er tires,
And love that our highest of effort inspires?
- 3 Loved haunts of our childhood! the school-room, the home,
And this sacred spot where so gladly we come
In morning's fresh hours, each new week to begin,
By learning the conquest of self and of sin.
- 4 O, not all in vain be these blessings bestowed!
But, ever advancing, though steep be the road,
From each may we gather the good it can give
To fit us on earth and in heaven to live.

MISS A. SEYMOUR

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	Page		Page
Acquaint yourselves early, dear.	114	Early as we think or talk	72
Again the Lord of life and light ..	20	Earth's busy sounds and ceaseless... 31	
Again from calm and sweet repose	23	Eternal Father, God of grace	11
Again we meet, O Lord	49	Even he who lit the stars of old ..	24
All the week we spend	55	Father of life, we raise	49
All ye nations, praise the Lord	71	Father, who hearest	59
Almighty Father, heavenly King	33	Father, whose heavenly care	51
Almighty God, thy gracious power.	18	Father, now to thee we raise	69
Almighty God, by thy great power.	10	Father, grant us now thy blessing... 103	
Almighty Father, I am weak	26	Father, thine the praise	54
Almighty God, with earth and	26	Father, for this peaceful morning... 106	
Almighty Father, at whose word	23	Father, let thy benediction	109
Another hand is beckoning us	22	Father, thy children bend the knee.. 37	
Another year is given	47	Father, adored in worlds above	15
Approach not the altar with gloom.. 112		Father of mercies, God of love	15
Assembled in our school once more	9	Father, I love to read of thee	27
Assembled in the morning (spring).	90	Father, we come together now	27
Assembled in the morning (sunrise)	92	Feeble, helpless, how shall I	75
As the sun's enlivening ray	70	For a season called to part	76
At the dawn of the blest morning... 60		From week to week with joy we	50
Author of light and love	51	From Greenland's icy mountains... 82	
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	20	From all that dwell below the	5
Awake, our souls — away, our fears	6	Glory be to God on high	74
Awake, awake, your homes forsake	50	Glory to our heavenly King	74
Be thou, O God, exalted high	5	God has said, forever blessed	108
Behold that One of placid brow	38	God is a spirit just and wise	42
Beyond the hills that stand	48	God is love, His mercy	101
Behold where, in a mortal form	18	God, who is just and kind	43
Blest day of God, most calm	26	God, from whom all blessings flow . 69	
Blest are the pure in heart	46	God bless our native land	65
Blessed Lord, thy grace impart	71	Go, when the morning shineth	83
Bright the vision that delighted	101	Go thou, in life's fair morning	88
Bright was the guiding star that .. 24		God is love, his mercy brightens. .. 101	
By cool Siloam's shady rill	21	Gracious God, our heavenly Father. 104	
Calm on the listening ear of night.	27	Gracious God, our heavenly Father. 107	
Called by the Sabbath bells away.. 14		Great God, behold before thy throne 17	
Children, hear, for God has spoken. 109		Great God, and wilt thou condescend 7	
Children of the heavenly King	75	Great God, let all our tuneful	7
Child, to thee the Lord of heaven .. 75		Hail to the Lord's Anointed	84
Come to the house of praise	43	Hand in hand with angels	67
Come, let us all unite to praise	33	Hark! from that glorious world	40
Come, children, learn this kind	34	Hark! what mean those holy voices 101	
Come, thou Almighty King	64	Hark! the bells are pealing	54
Come, to God's altar, O draw near . 10		Have faith in man, thy brother	93
Come, let us all with heart and	7	Happy children, God is love	77
Dark night away hath rolled	47	Hear ye not a voice from heaven .. 78	

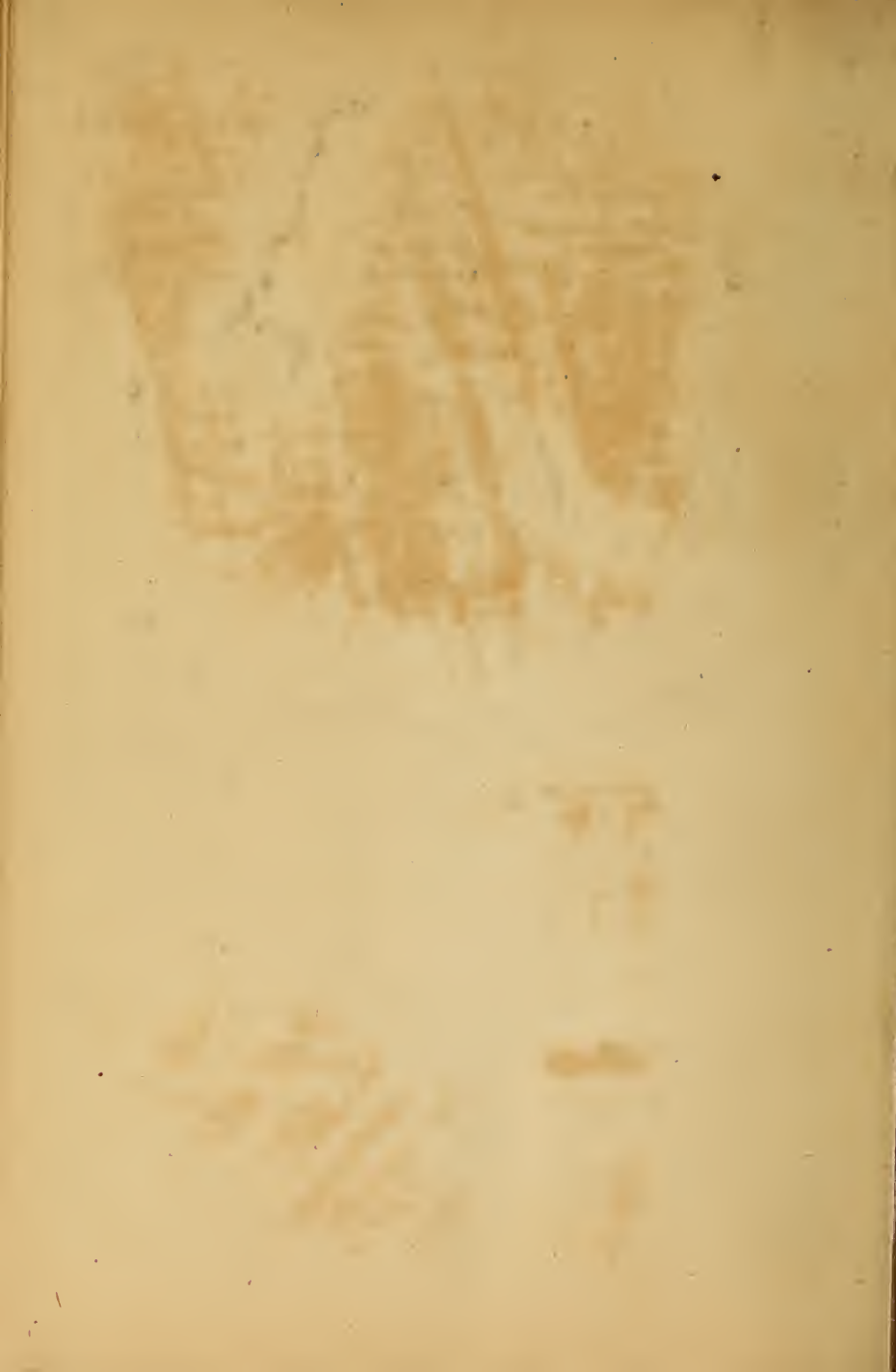
	Page		Page
Here to our Sabbath home	49	Lord, teach a little child to pray...	29
Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing	107	Love divine, all love excelling	100
Holy, holy, holy Lord.....	76	Love and kindness we may measure	102
How beauteous in life's morning....	89	Love God with all your soul and....	39
How beautiful the setting sun	23	Mary, said the risen Jesus.....	106
How dear is the thought that the ..	113	May the grace of Christ our Saviour	94
How happy those dear children....	21	Mighty God, while angels bless thee	107
How may a little pilgrim dare.....	40	Morn amid the mountains.....	66
How sweet is the Sabbath, the season	115	My Maker and my King.....	44
How sweet to bless the Lord.....	48	My country, 'tis of thee.....	65
How sweet to be allowed to pray..	22	My child, tread not the downward..	36
How sweet to be allowed to pray..	29	My few revolving years	46
How sweet, how heavenly is the ..	25	My God, how endless is thy love..	12
How sweetly flowed the gospel....	16	My God, who makes the sun to know	20
I now am but a little child.....	8	My Father, charming name	45
I thank the goodness and the grace.	31	Now to heaven our prayer	52
I feel within a want.....	48	Now that our journey's just begun..	41
I think when I read that sweet story	53	Now let our lips unite.....	47
In each breeze that wanders free ...	77	Now condescend, Almighty King ..	28
In a modest, humble mind	72	O God, our heavenly Father	85
In the soft season of thy youth....	37	O God, our heavenly Father	91
In Israel's fane by silent night	16	O God, whose presence glows in all	6
In the green fields of Palestine....	24	O heavenly Father	58
In these bright hours of blooming .	13	O God, our strength, to thee the song	39
In the duties now before us.....	104	O Lord, behold, before thy throne..	8
In our childhood's morning, Father.	108	O my good and gracious Maker....	102
It was our heavenly Father's love..	19	O Lord, thy word of light and truth	28
Jesus blessed the little children	95	O thou, who hast thy children.....	30
Jesus, take the little lambs	79	O thou, enthroned in worlds above	18
Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour.	95	O, timely happy, timely wise.....	10
Joyfully, joyfully, come we to bring.	110	O Lord, we're taught thy name to .	22
Joyfully, joyfully, lift the glad voice.	111	O, blest were they beyond all.....	39
Let thy Spirit, Lord, descending...	105	Once more before we part.....	45
Let children to their God draw near	8	One sweet flower has drooped and..	99
Let them come, the little children..	97	Once was heard the song of children	108
Life is not a fleeting shadow.....	102	Our Father in heaven.....	116
Little travellers Zion-ward	69	Our Father, throned above.....	65
Little children, sweetly sing.	74	Our youthful souls in rapture raise	11
Little children, love each other....	96	Our Father, full of grace divine ...	15
List, the Shepherd now is calling...	97	Peaceful be thy silent slumber.....	99
Little rain-drops feed the rill	78	Pleasant is the Sabbath chime.....	77
Lo, the lilies of the field.	78	Praise the Lord when blushing	98
Lo, God is here ; let us adore.....	10	Praise the Lord ; ye heavens, adore	98
Lo, the heavens are breaking.....	67	Praise to God, O, let us raise.....	73
Lo, the day of rest declineth.....	99	Pure in heart, and prompt in deed..	76
Lord, a little band, and lowly.....	105	Quiet, Lord, my froward heart.....	80
Lord, we address thy heavenly	29	Remember thy Creator	83
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing..	94	Retiring from our school once more	9
Lord, let thy kingdom come.....	44	Safely through another week	80
Lord, before thy presence come	72	Saviour, to the living well.....	73
Lord, who lovest little children	95	Seek God while yet he will be.....	38
Lord, I would own thy tender care..	37	See from the east the sun arise....	14

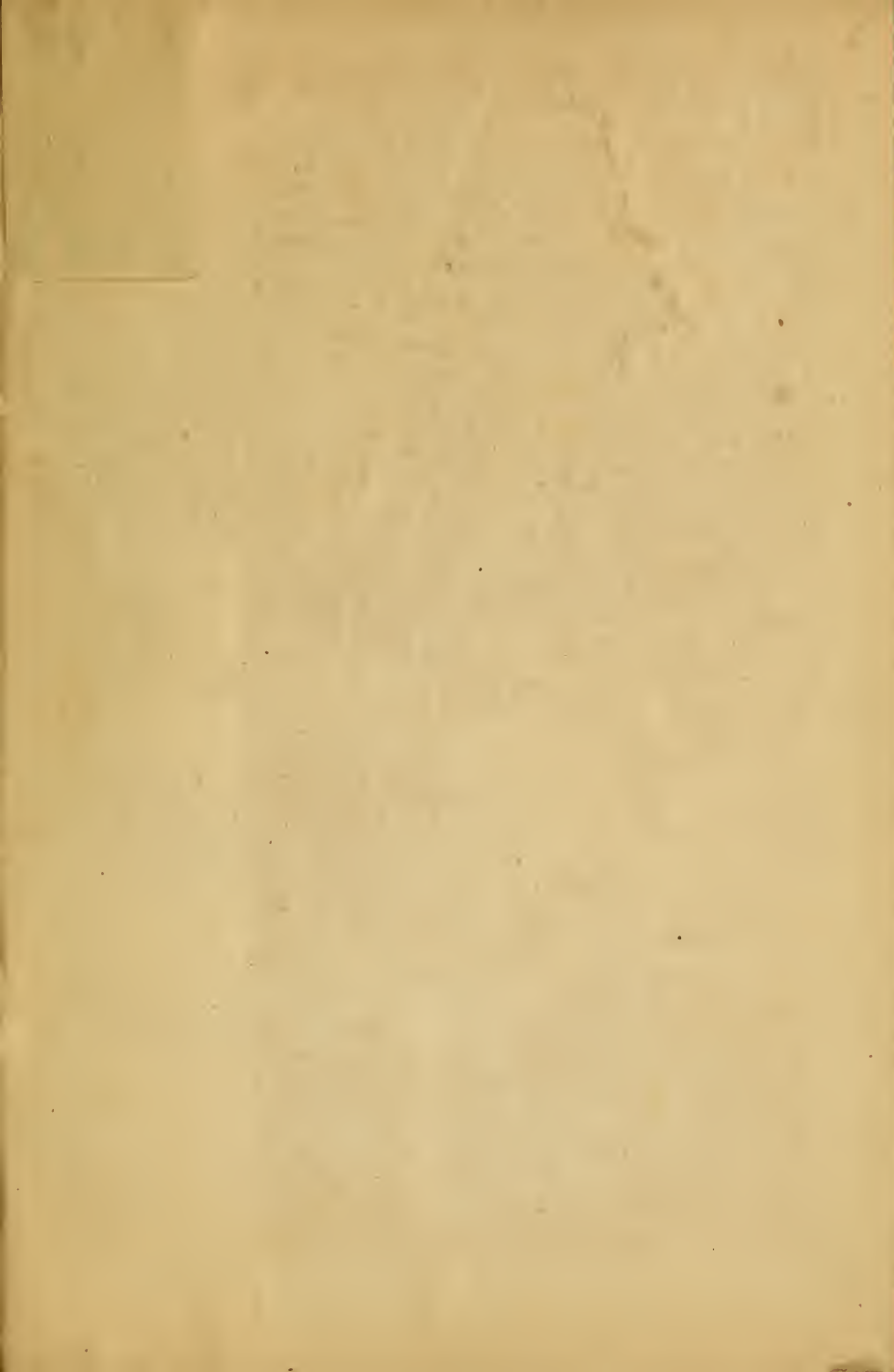
	Page		Page
See Israel's gentle shepherd stands	21	To Zion of old Christ triumphantly.	113
See the morning sunbeams.....	66	To God, who reigns above the sky..	36
See Israel's Shepherd stand.....	43	To thy pastures, fair and large.....	70
Searcher of hearts, from mine erase	36	We meet again in gladness	85
Shepherd of thy little flock	70	We are the lambs of Jesus	87
Sing praise to God	57	We come, O God, with gladness...	86
Speak gently—it is better far	30	We come with happy greeting.....	87
Suppliant, lo, thy children bend....	71	We bring no glittering treasure....	91
Sweet day of our childhood.....	116	We sing the song the starry host...	63
Sweet is the task, O Lord.....	45	We are little flower-buds.....	68
Sweet is the prayer whose holy....	32	We have met in peace together....	105
Thanks to thee before we part.....	72	We come in childhood's innocence..	34
The Son of God most holy	81	We leave our task, we leave our... 9	
The voice of God in accents clear .	13	We are seeking a heavenly country.	61
The seasons' happy voices	89	We come! we come with loud	6
The seraphs bright are hovering ...	89	We bless thee for this sacred day..	11
The eastern hills are glowing	93	We bless thee for this sacred day... 12	
There's a land of rest eternal	56	We come our Sabbath hymn to raise	38
There is a promise.....	62	We love this outward world.....	44
There's not a star whose twinkling..	41	Welcome, welcome, quiet morning .	94
The wild flower drinks the morning.	41	What if the little rain should say... 35	
The Lord attends when children....	35	When o'er earth is breaking.....	68
The Saviour's come; let earth....	17	When before thy throne we bend....	73
The spacious firmament on high... 17		When the joyous day is dawning ..	98
There's not a tint that paints the.. 30		When the morning bell is ringing... 103	
There is a path that leads to God.. 31		When all thy mercies, O my God ..	42
There is a land where we shall 19		When for some little insult given... 42	
The Lord is my Shepherd; no want 115		When warmer suns and bluer skies.	34
The Sabbath morn, sweet Sabbath... 32		When we devote our youth to God	28
The bird let loose in eastern skies .. 32		When to the house of God we go... 14	
There is a book who runs may read 25		While yet the youthful spirit bears	16
The bud will soon become a flower 25		While shepherds watched their flocks	33
The wayside flower receives the air 12		Within these walls be peace.....	46
Time its steady flight is winging ... 56		Will God, who made the earth ar.d.	35
Thou, whose almighty word.....	64	With joy, kind Parent, we have ..	13
Thou source of every good.....	46	Words are things of little cost	80
Thy love in each and all.....	59		

INDEX OF TUNES.

	Page		Page
Acusinet C. M. . . .	26	Morning 6s & 5s. . .	63
Affection L. M. . . .	13	Morning 8s, 6s & 4s. . .	50
Alpheus 8s & 7s. . .	105	Morning bells 8s & 7s. . .	103
Alps S. M. . . .	48	Mornington S. M. . . .	43
America 6s & 4s. . .	65	My God, how endless is. . . L. M. . .	12
Another year is given . . . S. M. . .	47	Nashville 7s. . .	71
Author of light and love. . P. M. . .	51	Newburg H. M. . .	49
Behold that one of placid. C. M. . .	38	Nuremburg 7s. . .	73
Blessing 8s & 7s. . .	104	Oasis 7s & 6s. . .	84
Children of the heavenly King 7s. . .	75	O, blest were they C. M. . .	39
Children, hear; for God 8s, 7s & 4. .	109	O, heavenly Father P. M. . .	58
Christmas C. M. . . .	20	Old Hundred L. M. . .	5
Come, children C. M. . .	34	Olney S. M. . . .	46
Devotion C. M. . . .	37	Orison 8s & 7s. . .	98
Edes 7s. . .	72	Our Father in heaven. . . . 11s. . .	116
Edmands L. M. . . .	16	Peace L. M. . . .	8
Eternal Father L. M. . .	11	Pilgrim	60
Father, I love to read of. . C. M. . .	27	Portuguese hymn. 11s. . .	114
Father of mercies L. M. . .	15	Praise C. M. . . .	33
Go thou in life's fair . . . 7s & 6s. . .	88	Prayer 8s & 7s. . .	107
God is here L. M. . . .	10	Pure in heart 7s. . .	76
God is love 6s & 5s. . .	67	Purity 7s & 6s. . .	81
God speed the right. . . . P. M. . .	52	Quiet valley P. M. . .	54
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How sweet to be allowed. . C. M. . .	29	Song of children 8s, 7s & 4. . .	108
Iddo C. M. . . .	42	Spanish hymn 7s. . .	69
Italian hymn 6s & 4s. . .	64	Speak gently C. M. . .	30
I think when I read P. M. . .	53	Spring 7s & 6s. . .	90
Jerusalem C. M. . . .	19	St. Thomas S. M. . .	44
Jesus, take the little lambs. 7s. . .	79	Sunrise 7s & 6s. . .	92
Joyfully, joyfully 10s. . .	110	Sympathy C. M. . .	25
Kingsley C. M. . . .	22	Temple 8s & 7s. . .	106
Laban S. M. . . .	45	The praise of God P. M. . .	57
Light 11s. . .	112	There is a path that leads. C. M. . .	31
Little rain-drops 7s. . .	78	There is a promise P. M. . .	62
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Lucia 8s & 7s. . .	95	Truth L. M. . . .	9
Luther's chant L. M. . .	14	Vesper C. M. . . .	23
Martyn 7s. . .	70	Violet C. M. . . .	35
Melancthon L. M. . .	7	We are little flower-buds 6s & 5s. . .	68
Mercy C. M. . . .	32	Wilmot 7s. . .	74
Missionary chant L. M. . .	6	Ydolem C. M. . . .	18
Missionary hymn 7s & 6s. . .	82	Youth C. M. . . .	28







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